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185

MOUNTAIN MELODIES,

&c. &c. &c.

BY

THOMAS EAGLES.

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1835.

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1835

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TO

SIR JOHN TOBIN.

Impressed with a deep sense of gratitude I beg leave to dedicate these Poems to you, and hope you will not reject the small tribute of respect I hereby publicly pay you; and, should the feeble productions of my pen be allowed to have any merit, or, in other words, should my humble attempts to please meet with success, the pleasure it will afford me will only be exceeded by the satisfaction I shall enjoy in knowing that you will be a partaker of the same with,

Sir,

Your much obliged

And most obedient Servant,

THOS. EAGLES.

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MOUNTAIN MELODIES,

&c. &c.

NATURE.

O, NATURE! how I love to stray
In thy most secret bow'rs!
'Mongst shady dells to take my way,
'Mongst modest op'ning flow'rs.

How sweet to muse alone with thee
When all is hush'd and still!
And hear the hum of forest bee,
And music of the rill.

How sweet to see the azure sky,
And clouds in grandeur form!
How sweet to hear the soft wind sigh
O'er fields of yellow corn!

How sweet to mark the ivy creep
And twine round aged trees!
How sweet to hear the young lambs bleat
And watch the toiling bees!

How sweet to mark the swallows fly
And skim o'er shining lake!
How sweet to hear the rustling rye
And note of hiding craik!

How sweet to see the willows fall
And droop o'er silver brooks!
How sweet to hear the moorcock's call
In deep secluded nooks!

How sweet to hear from distant hill
The hunter's sounding horn,
Joining its notes with gurgling rill,
On gentle zephyrs borne!

How sweet to see the timid hares
In sportive gambols play,
Running about in amorous pairs,
Amongst the new mown hay!

How sweet to hear the blackbirds sing
Their rich melodious notes!
How sweet to mark the moth's bright wing,
As in the air it floats!

How sweet to mark the dew drops form
In globes on tender grass!
To catch the fragrance of the morn!
And watch the dark crow pass!

How sweet to hear the murmurs low
Of breakers on the shore!
How grand to mark night's dusky brow
Its sable mantle lower!

How grand to see the lightning flash,
And hear the thunder roll!
To hear the billows hoarsely dash,
And sweeping Boreas howl!

How grand to see the foaming waves
Lift up their sparkling heads!
To hear them roar 'mongst dark sea caves
And tangled sea-weed beds!

How sweet, when standing on the shore,
To view the mountains gray!
And see the snowy sea bird soar,
And wing its lonely way!

And see the shining sail pass by
And scud before the blast,
And hear the hardy sailors cry
As sounding lead they cast.

And wafted o'er the ocean's wave
To hear the bugle's notes,
Responding sweet in echo's cave
As on the gale it floats.

And mark the glorious setting sun
Repose in western sky,
When brilliantly his course he's run,
And twilight's drawing nigh.

O, beauteous nature! pow'r divine!
Who would not worship thee?
Thy heav'nly works supremely shine
In sweetest harmony!

GENTLE ZEPHYR.

GENTLE zephyr!
Gentle zephyr!
So softly stealing o'er the tranquil lake
From burnish'd west,
On viewless wing,
Thou charmer blest,
To thee I sing!
I love to hear thy melody awake!
O, zephyr, zephyr, sweetly playing;
Thy music makes the heart rejoice;
When thro' the shaded woodlands straying,
How soothing is thy murm'ring voice!

O'er the willow,
O'er the willow,
Thy airy wings in sweetest whispers play;
The gliding brook
Is kiss'd by thee;
The flow'rs are shook,
And dance with glee,
As gaily o'er their tops thou sail'st away.

O, zephyr, zephyr, sweetly playing;
Thy music makes the heart rejoice;
When thro' the shaded woodlands straying,
How soothing is thy murm'ring voice!

Thro' the roses,
Thro' the roses,
Insinuating to the inmost fold,
Thou sweetly glid'st
To honied cells,
Then onward rid'st
O'er sparkling dells,
Where modest flow'rs their beauteous charms unfold.
O, zephyr, zephyr, sweetly playing;
Thy music makes the heart rejoice;
When thro' the shaded woodlands straying,
How soothing is thy murm'ring voice!

I SING TO THEE, MY FRANCES.

I SING to thee, my Frances—
Sweet child of love! sweet child of love!
As bright thy sparkling glance is,
As stars above, as stars above;
The glowing tint that tinges
That face of joy, that face of joy,
Exceeds the hue that fringes
The morning sky, the morning sky.

Thou'rt fairer than the bosom
Of ocean gull, of ocean gull;
Than pure and milky blossom,
With dew drops full, with dew drops full;
Than virgin snow that's cresting
The upland hill, the upland hill;
Than pebble white that's resting
Beneath the rill, beneath the rill.

A charm's in ev'ry feature
To lure the eye, to lure the eye;
Thou fascinating creature!
For thee I'd die! for thee I'd die!

The blithesome bird that's winging
  Its happy way, its happy way,
Thro' golden streamers singing,
  Is not so gay, is not so gay!

There's none more meek in heaven,
  Than thee, sweet maid! than thee, sweet maid!
O, thou wert surely given
  To cheer this shade! to cheer this shade!
For near thee all is pleasure;
  Dark sorrow flies, dark sorrow flies;
Thou art the greatest treasure
  Ere left the skies! ere left the skies!

FAR 'NEATH THE MIGHTY WAVE.

FAR 'neath the mighty wave,
Down in some cheerless cave,
William's asleep!
The bright glist'ning coral bed
Clusters around his head
Low in the deep.

To thy lone burial place
Comes no beloved face
Dropping the tear.
Thro' the dark humid cloud
Thunder claps bellow loud;
Horrors appear.

Lightning is flitting by,
Quickly and awfully;
Sea birds complain.
Neptune is riding past
Borne on the howling blast
Over the main.

O, thou wert good and kind !
Sweeter than balmy wind
O'er the rich bow'r !
No joy is left for me
Now I'm bereft of thee !
Gloomy's the hour !

Soon I will follow, love,
To the sweet realms above,
Free from all care !
There to remain with thee,
To all eternity
Where all is fair !

NOW JOYFULLY, NOW JOYFULLY.

Now joyfully, now joyfully, the rosy morning peeps !
Now smilingly, now smilingly, the golden sun light breaks,
And rests upon the ocean's breast
In one long streak of light ;
Grand contrast to the clear, cold west,
So silv'ry and so white.

The lark is up,
His wild note's ringing
Beyond the clouds,
Thro' which he's winging.
It is the hour of joyous morn! the glorious break of day!
Come! let us wander forth, my dear, far o'er the hills away.
Hark! hark! the hunter's merry horn
Is sounding through the woods;
And murmurs on the breeze are borne
From distant roaring floods.
The woodland birds now tune their song,
The dew deck'd flow'rs are shining;
Come! let us sport their sweets among,
And purple hills be climbing.
For 'tis the hour of joyous morn! the glorious break of day!
Come! let us wander forth, my dear, far o'er the hills away.
The kids and sportive fawns rejoice,
And race along the plain;
The woodlark's rich melodious voice
Creeps sweetly o'er the grain:
The aspen trees
Shake in the breeze,
And moaning is the sable fir;

The beeches bright
Entrance the sight,
And oaks, which tempests cannot stir,
In forest grandeur raise their heads,
Bespangled o'er with glittering dew,
And at their feet the violet beds
Shine forth in robes of purest blue.
It is the hour of joyous morn! the glorious break of day!
Come! let us wander forth, my dear, far o'er the hills away.

HARSH THE FOREST OWLS ARE CRYING.

Harsh the forest owls are crying,
Mournfully the wind is sighing,
'Neath these gloomy firs I'm lying,
By this dark and lonely stream.
Cataracts are loudly roaring,
In the gulf wild falls are pouring,
Round about dark birds are soaring,
Uttering discordant scream.

Reuben, how could'st thou forsake me?
Leave despair thus to await me?
Death, to thy pale bosom take me!
Free me from this world of woe!
All my joy has fled for ever!
Take me to thy breast, cold river,
Then all sorrow will be over,
When beneath thy wave I'm low.

I was blithe as wild roe springing,
Gay as lightsome skylark winging,
Thro' the silken cloudlet singing,
Till the hour I met with thee.
Fast—O, fast! my breath is flying!
Cruel youth, thy Amy's dying!
List, O, list! her last deep sighing!
Think upon thy perjury.

LIST, LOVELY MAIDEN!

List, lovely maiden! yon fountain's sweet music—
List! list! the wild strains as they float on the breeze;
As in this lone bow'r we carelessly wander,
Unseen by the world, 'neath the cool waving trees:
Hark! how the warblers with rapture are pouring
Their notes thro' the wild dell in harmony sweet;
And see the proud deer o'er the bright verdure bounding,
As swiftly they spring from their lonely retreat.
And list to the fountain—the sweet singing fountain!
What melody springs from its wild rural song,
Whilst o'er the high mountain—the bright purple mountain!
In faint echoes dying its note 's borne along!

Hark! the wild grouse, how sweetly they're calling
Amongst the tall heather, bepearled o'er with dew;
And list! the sweet woodlark, its fond love delighting,
Ensconced 'neath the flow'rets with bosoms of blue:
And hark! from yon old tree, so moss-grown and hoary,
The light airy wren tunes its wild, mellow lay;
Whilst 'neath the thick hawthorns the clear stream's meand'ring,
And thro' the green woodlands is taking its way.

And list to the fountain—the sweet singing fountain!
What melody springs from its wild rural song,
Whilst o'er the high mountain—the bright purple
mountain!
In faint echoes dying its note 's borne along!

O, WERE I IN THE WILDERNESS.

O, WERE I in the wilderness,
Where all is drear, where all is drear;
If thou wert near, my fate I'd bless,—
There's nought I'd fear, there's nought I'd fear:
Or was I on the salt, salt sea,
Where billows roll, where billows roll;
If thou wert near I'd heed them not,
The wind might howl, the wind might howl.

Or, if thou wert encompass'd round
With care and grief, with care and grief;
Tho' boasted friends might turn away,
I'd ne'er thee leave, I'd ne'er thee leave;

And, tho' misfortune on thee lour'd,
I'd cling to thee, I'd cling to thee ;
Tho' visions bright to woe were turn'd,
I'd constant be, I'd constant be.

Thy heart is like the turtle dove's,
So kind and true, so kind and true ;
Thou'rt sweeter than the blushing rose
That shines with dew, that shines with dew ;
The lily flow'r can't vie with thee,
Thou art so fair, thou art so fair ;
Life's dark and dreary hour I'd like
With thee to share, with thee to share.

Thy golden tresses clust'ring fall,
So rich and bright, so rich and bright,
In graceful ringlets round thy neck
Of purest white, of purest white ;
Thy eyes of blue, like stars do shine,
With lustre mild, with lustre mild ;
Sweet maid, thy beauteous charms have quite
My heart beguil'd ! my heart beguil'd !

EVEN.

O, EVEN gray!
So calm and still!
Sweet close of day!
My soul you fill

With holy joy
And thoughts of heav'n;
To ease the sigh
Thou sure wert given.

The orange sun
Is sinking low,
And cloudlets dun
Like amber glow.

The restless waves
Are tipp'd with red,
And sweetly lave
Their rocky bed.

The sea bird flies
  Ting'd with the ray;
His wild note dies
  Far, far away.

From mountain land,
  The gentle breeze,
Blows soft and bland
  Thro' flow'ring trees,

And bends the flow'rs
  And rushes tall,
Plays in the bow'rs
  Where wild doves call,

And curls the stream,
  Wide, clear, and bright,
Glist'ning with gleam
  From Sol's red light.

The lark's last song
  From heav'n's high breast,
Hath pour'd along—
  He's in his nest,

Sleeping beneath
The daisy white,
And purple heath
With dew drops bright.

The beetles' hum
Is passing by,
And zephyrs come
With whisp'ring sigh.

The babbling brook
Is gliding past,
And sable rook
Flies homewards fast,

And Cynthia's face
Is rising o'er,
With modest grace,
Yon pale, gray shore,

Casting her gleam
On moor and tree,
On winding stream
And distant sea;

And lovely Venus, pure and bright,
Sweet goddess of this solemn scene!
Is shedding now her silver light,
And sinking in the ocean green.

LOW ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

Low on a bank of flowers
By Mersey's rapid stream,
'Mongst darkly shaded bowers,
A lovely maid was seen.
The sun was fast declining
In glorious splendour bright;
His setting beam was shining,
Emitting golden light.
Heedlessly this fair one
Watches him depart,
Weeping for her lover,
Who broke her virgin heart.

The glist'ning tears were flowing
Fast from her lovely eyes;
The wind was loudly blowing,
And answering her sighs.

The dingle oaks were groaning,
  Shook by the ocean blast ;
And sounds of deepest moaning,
  From dark caves issued fast.
    Still, she's by the river,—
      Night's approaching nigh ;
    For her absent lover,
      She heaves the bursting sigh.

The gath'ring waves were lifting
  Their heads with awful roar ;
The fishing boats were drifting
  Upon the rocky shore.
The sea bird loud was screaming,
  And soaring void of fear ;
And, by the light'ning gleaming,
  The dark Welsh hills appear.
    Still, she's by the river,—
      Her tears are falling fast ;
    Round her heaves the billow,
      O'er her roars the blast.

O, SWEET ELIZA!

O, SWEET Eliza! ever dear!
Wilt thou ere think of me,
When I am on the ocean drear,
Far, far, from love and thee?

O! thou art fairer than the day!
And lovelier than the rosè!
An emblem of enchanting May,
When balmy zephyr blows!

An angel come from heav'n above!
A cherub bright and fair!
A creature form'd for joy and love,
To banish gloomy care!

A shining gem of rarest worth!
As speckless as the snow!
A foretaste of sweet heav'n on earth
To cheer us here below!

O, sweet Eliza ! ever dear !
Wilt thou ere think of me,
When I am on the ocean drear,
Far, far, from love and thee ?

STANZAS.

Pure, gentle orb that decks the night,
I love to wander 'neath thy beam,
And mark thy disk so clear and bright
Reflected in the silent stream,
And see the dark clouds o'er thee sail,
Illum'd with thy sweet modest rays,
And hear the zephyr's plaintive wail,
As thro' the forest trees it plays !

How still and solemn is the hour
Of midnight in the lonely glen—
How exquisite the strains that pour
Upon the pond'ring senses then !
The mournful tone of gliding rills,
The rustling of the aspen trees,
The distant echoes from the hills,
So sweetly wafted on the breeze,
In kindness all conjoin, the care-worn soul to ease !

ON A COMMON DARK AND DREARY.

On a common dark and dreary,
Bertha sat forlorn and weary
By her lover's slaughtered form;
Angry winds were loudly howling;
Thunder thro' the sky was rolling;
O'er the waste fierce wolves were prowling,
Growling thro' the bursting storm.

Tears of grief were fastly falling;
She upon his name was calling,
Heedless lay he on the ground.
Dew drops on his brow were lying;
Thro' the heath the wind was sighing;
Ravens in the air were crying,
Sailing thro' the gloom around.

Art thou dead my only lover?
Vanish'd from my sight for ever—
Left this gloomy world of pain?
O'er thee bloom no cypress hoary;
Thy sweet breast is cold and gory,
Fled thou art to scenes of glory,
Where pure joys do ever reign.

Naught is left but sad repining;
Sorrow round my heart is twining;
Death! O, death! come to my aid!
Let me join my Egbert's spirit;
Those sweet bow'rs of bliss inherit,
Bless'd resorts of worth and merit,
Far from this drear orb of shade!

LET'S AWAY TO THE MOUNTAIN.

Let's away, let's away to the mountain,
And welcome the bright god of day!
Let us stray by the clear silver fountain
And watch the young leverets play.

Let's away where the hunters' horns sounding!
Where bright purple heather blooms blow;
Where the cataracts loud are resounding,
Deep, deep in the chasm below!

Let's away where the light lark is springing
From brown moors spangl'd with flowers!
Where the wild birds their lone way are winging
To far distant clustering bow'rs.

Let's away where the lapwing is crying
And fluttering o'er its low nest!
Where the sweet mountain breezes are sighing,
Where the moorcocks securely rest.

STANZAS.

I MUST depart for distant shore
Far, far from my dear home!
My native woods I'll see no more
Where I so lov'd to roam;
No more I'll hear the cushat cry,
Nor soaring skylark sing;
Nor see the speckled partridge fly
Upon the rapid wing.

No more I'll see old Mersey's stream,
With light sails passing by,
Nor lie on banks of purest green,
'Mongst flow'rs of richest die;
Nor see the seagulls onward speed
O'er Cheshire's hilly land,
Or little running sea purrs feed
Upon the yellow sand.

No more I'll stray by wimpling brook,
And catch the silver eel,
Nor lie within the shady nook,
And wind my angling reel;
Nor shoot the wild ducks in the swamp
On murky misty night,
When far away's the moon's pale lamp,
And glitt'ring star light bright.

No more I'll stray 'mongst tangled rocks
And mark the creeping tide,
Nor see the plover fly in flocks
And o'er the water glide;
Nor see the glorious orb of day
Set over Bidston Hill,
And watch the ling'ring twilight gray
So solemn and so still.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

O, LITTLE twinkling shining star,
That glimmers thro' the sinking day—
Thou silv'ry speck in heav'n afar,
How beautiful's thy modest ray!

The glorious sun can't vie with thee!
Nor harvest moon so clear and bright;
Thou emblem pure of modesty
That usher'st in the sweet twilight!

COME WITH ME, MY PRETTY FANNY.

COME with me, my pretty Fanny, to yonder shaded dell!
Come with me, my pretty Fanny, to yonder shaded dell!
And 'neath the bright and clust'ring bow'rs,
We'll spend the happy, happy hours,
Surrounded by sweet blushing flow'rs
Beside the limpid well;
And hear the plashing
Of water dashing,

As it leaps and foams o'er the shining rocks,
And hear the crying
Of wild birds flying,
As round and round they hover in flocks;
And list to the wind as it waves the bright corn,
And rustles the aspen tree,
And catch the sweet breeze from the high mountain borne
As it glides o'er the fragrant lea.
Rural music shall flow—
Blooming roses shall blow—
Light willows shall wave—
Blue waters shall lave
The flowery banks,
Where playful lamb pranks;
And the sun in his glory shall shine on the scene,
And the sun in his glory shall shine on the scene;
The songsters shall sing on the glist'ning spray,
The lark unto heaven shall take his way,
And chant o'er his nest in the heath below,
Where sweet purple bells in their beauty glow;
And turtle dove
Shall sing of love;
The robin sweet
Our ears shall greet

With melody
From lonely tree ;
And rippling rills and fountains bright,
And sweetest strains borne on the breeze,
And welkin with its cloudlets white
Shall all conjoin, sweet maid, to please.
The rooks shall cry
From their eyry nests,
And pheasants come nigh
With their glowing crests ;
And timid leveret shall glide by our feet
And silently creep to its tangl'd retreat ;
And sparkling bright
The distant sea
With wavelets white
Majestic'lly.
Shall waft its ocean harmony ;
And the lofty oaks their arms shall throw,
And we will sit in the shade below.

ON A FRIEND

WHO PERISHED IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, AT THE EARLY AGE OF NINETEEN YEARS.

Far, far within the ocean's breast,
Deep 'neath the heaving billow,
A lovely youth is laid at rest,
The coral rocks his pillow.

The boist'rous wind roars o'er his bed,
The sea bird's wildly screaming;
The dolphin swims swift o'er his head,
In golden beauty beaming.

No more he'll see his youthful scenes,
Dark-waving woods and bowers;
The wimpling brooks and spacious greens,
The modest woodland flowers.

No willow trees bend o'er his bier!
No sorrowing maiden's sighing!
No father drops paternal tear!
No doting mother's crying!

For far within the ocean's breast,
Deep 'neath the heaving billow,
He sleeps in everlasting rest,
The coral rocks his pillow.

SAY, CRIMSON ROSE, HAST THOU SEEN MY MARY?

Say, crimson rose, hast thou seen my Mary?
Sweet rose! sweet rose! come, whisper to me!
Beside thy bower has she been wandering?
Blithe as the skylark—more beauteous than thee!
Say, singing rill, with thy shining bosom,
Hast seen her near thy rocky bed?
Upon thy ripple has she been gazing?
O, tell me! tell me! whither she's fled!
She's sweeter far than breath of the morning!
She's purer than the evening star!
Her eyes are bright as the dew-drops forming
On silken webs in the wilds afar!

Say, aspen tree, with thy quiv'ring foliage,
Hast seen her near thy rustling grove?
O, tell me! tell me! whither she's straying—
For O, my soul's on fire with love!
Sweet woodlark in the wild glen singing,
Hast seen her pass thy rural seat?
To thy wild lays has she been list'ning?
Come! tell unto me, thou warbler sweet!
She's sweeter far than breath of the morning!
She's purer than the evening star!
Her eyes are bright as the dew-drops forming
On silken webs in the wilds afar!

THE SEA BIRD.

I LOVE thy wild notes,
Sweet bird of the sea,
As lightly thou float'st,
So gracefully.

Thro' the whistling gale,
O'er the billow tops,
Uttering thy wail
'Midst the frowning rocks!

Thou heed'st not the roars
  Of the tempest's might,
But heedlessly soars
  With plumage of white.

The lightning may rend,
  The thunder may crash
Dark torrents descend
  And angry waves dash.

Quick onward thou sail'st
  Thro' thick of the storm,
The rude wind assail'st
  With thy slender form.

When tall vessels sink,
  And mariners die,
When bravest hearts shrink,
  And death's hov'ring nigh,
Through the great sea is heard thy mournful cry.

THE MOON IS CREEPING O'ER THE WOOD.

The moon is creeping o'er the wood
With slow and steady pace,
Casting her light on field and flood
With sweet and modest grace;
The dusky clouds are tip'd with white,
And form in circles grand,
Floating around the silver light—
On singing zephyrs bland.

The nightingale within the bow'r
Pours forth his heav'nly strain,
Cheering with song this quiet hour,
That I am with my Jane;
Enhancing joyous, pure delight
With his loud note of love,
O, tender maid with eyes so bright—
I'll ever constant prove!

THE CHEERING SUN IS SHINING BRIGHT.

The cheering sun is shining bright,
The gentle breeze is blowing O ;
The lake is tinged with golden light,
The crystal streams are flowing O ;
Sweet groves emit their odours fine,
And throstle cocks are singing O ;
The woodbines thro' the hedges twine,
And birds their way are winging O.

The wide fields glow with lovely flowers,
The clust'ring trees are shaking O ;
The blackbird sings within the bowers,
And I my way am taking O,
To yonder aspen shaded grove,
Where turtle doves are pairing O,
To talk to witching Jane of love
And joy with her be sharing O.

THE OCEAN 'S CEASED ITS ROARING.

THE ocean 's ceased its roaring,
Its bosom's smooth and bright;
The splendid sun is pouring
Thro' silver clouds his light.
Come! maiden fair
Embark with me,
And pleasure share
On the beauteous sea!
Embark with me,
Embark with me,
And pleasure share
On the beauteous sea!
Where delighted fish are springing;
Where light sportive waves are singing,
Pleasure to the glad heart bringing
From who's core all care has fled—
Where the snowy sea-bird's flying;
Where the ocean wind is sighing,
And the amber beams are lying
On the gurgling billow's head.

Come ! maiden fair
Embark with me,
And pleasure share
On the beauteous sea !
Embark with me,
Embark with me,
And pleasure share
On the beauteous sea !

IN YONDER DARK FOREST.

In yonder dark forest
Owls are complaining ;
Over yon mountain
The pale moon is waning ;
The thunder is roaring ;
The lightning is flashing ;
And furious waters
Are o'er the rocks dashing.

The star Mars is rising,
Boding and fiery ;
Elfins are dancing
In dells deep and briery ;

Moanings are issuing
From deep caverns dreary ;
And I'm on this common
Forsaken and weary !

O, Eldred ! inconstant !
My breath is fast fleeting !
My moments are number'd ;
My poor heart is breaking !
Amongst the wild heather
I'm helplessly lying—
O, Eldred ! O, Eldred !
Thy Edith is dying !

WHEN TINTS ARE GLOWING.

When tints are glowing
On the silent sea,
When music's flowing
Symphoniously,
When sun hath set in western sky
And ting'd the clouds with golden die,
How sweet to hear the tender sigh
Of her one loves so dearly !

When twilight's creeping
With gray misty robe,
When stars are peeping
Round Cynthia's globe,
When crystal dew is glist'ning bright
And shining thro' the haze of night,
How sweet to meet 'neath trembling light
The maid one loves so dearly!

AN ELEGY.

Dost see yon sacred spot with grass o'ergrown
And ivy mantling o'er the rising tomb,
Where drooping age, and youth yet scarcely blown
Repose in peace within the grave's deep womb.

Where tow'ring trees rise o'er the slumb'ring dead,
Casting their shadows o'er the hallow'd ground;
Where the dark cypress rears its mournful head,
Seeming to weep o'er those who sleep around?

Beneath those trees the fairest flow'ret lies
That e'er was blighted in the virgin glow,
Around her grave the moaning zephyr sighs,
And modest daisies 'mongst the verdure blow.

O, death ! O, death ! a tyrant thou must be !
To crush the fairest of creation's flow'rs,
To close on her sweet nature's lullaby,
And pluck the sweetest rosebud from the bow'rs.

No more for her shall come that lovely hour,
When gentle twilight spreads its balmy wing ;
Nor hum of bees in honeysuckle bow'r,
Nor wimpling bourns which o'er the pebbles sing.

No more for her the robin's throat will swell
With its sweet plaintive, soul-delighting song,
No more she'll hear the shepherd's tinkl'ing bell,
Nor hear the rail the waving corn among.

No more for her shall lovely rainbow form
In clear, pellucid, ever changing hues,
No more she'll see the brilliant tints of morn,
Nor hear the stock dove's melancholy coos.

No, no ; in that low, dismal, cheerless bed,
Which wraps that goodly, much-beloved form,
No sounds can reach thee—for thou now art dead !
And I am left in solitude to mourn !

The dreary wretchedness thou didst relieve,
They who were sunk in penury forlorn,
In bitter anguish now are left to grieve
And curse the hour which thou from them wast torn.

'Twas thou who cheer'd the widow's aching heart,
And made the orphan's face with gladness shine;
'Twas thou who would'st with all benignly part,
Than one poor soul in misery should pine.

Thou, when thou saw'st a fellow-creature low,
Wouldst not inquire what brought him to that state;
That he was poor sufficed for thee to know,
And thy pure bounty never came too late.

O! canst thou hear my bitter bursting sighs?
O! canst thou see the grief which rends my heart?
Canst thou from thy bright mansion in the skies
Look down on him who groans with thee to part?

Can groans, or sighs, or bitter tears recal
The vital spark when once 't has ta'en its flight?
Can aught restore the flow'r the scythe doth fall?
Or to the dull, glaz'd eye give lustre bright?

None save that Being who did first create
The human heart, and form'd the soul divine,
None save He the slumbering dead can wake,
Or make death's gloomy, dismal night to shine.

Can sweetest music, creeping on the gale,
Reach death's cold ear within its lowly bed?
Can birds' sweet notes or turtle doves' bewail
Charm those who moulder with the silent dead?

An awful stillness here is reigning round!
No sound is creeping on this quiet hour,
Save the dark beetle falling to the ground,
And boding night owl screaming in her bow'r.

O! canst thou hear my bitter bursting sighs?
O! canst thou see the grief which rends my heart?
Canst thou from thy bright mansion in the skies
Look down on him who groans with thee to part?

STANZAS.

Sweet hope is flown ! and grim despair
Hath ta'en possession of my soul,
All's dark and drear which once was fair ;
Unheeded now the moments roll.

My eye, which once flash'd with delight,
Now heavy, dull, and languid's grown,
The glist'ning tear obscures the sight ;
All, all my joyous dreams have flown !

The brilliant sun which once gave joy,
And made me teem with happy thought,
Now makes me heave the rending sigh,
And grieve o'er visions come to naught.

No more for me sweet songsters gay
Shall warble forth their lovely strains ;
Unheeded forth I take my way,
Oppress'd with bitter woes and pains.

No more I'll meet 'mongst shaded bow'rs
The lovely girl I loved so well,
Nor mark with her the woodland flow'rs
Just peeping from the lonely dell.

No more for me shall rivers roll
In glowing tints beneath the sun ;
There's naught can ease my harass'd soul !
My fleeting glass is nearly run.

No more for me the tiny rills
Shall gurgle forth their prattling song,
Nor torrents rush from lofty hills
With rapid fury borne along.

Not all the host of glitt'ring stars
That's shining thro' the sable night,
With glimm'ring lustre from afar,
Have power to soothe my aching sight.

No more for me shall mountain breeze
Blow sweetly from its lofty peak ;
All beauteous things now fail to please,
The forest depths I midnight seek.

The flow'ry groves, the woodland dell,
That once gave pleasure to my heart,
O ! happy scenes ! farewell ! farewell !
For ever I with you must part !

O, wretched man ! thy purest joys,
As gleam of rainbow transient are !
Something not seen the rapture cloys,
And joy departs and vanishes afar.

FAR O'ER YON MOUNTAINS.

Far o'er yon mountains rising high,
On which the fleecy cloudlets rest,
Where torrents fall and swiftly fly
To join the ocean's spacious breast,
Where heather blooms and breezes play,
And mountain roses richly blow,
There dwells a maiden fair as day,
And sweeter than Aurora's glow.

Amongst deep bow'rs and tangl'd dells,
Where warblers hold their councils sweet,
Where mosses grow, and drooping bells
Lift up their heads the morn to greet;
Where birds enraptur'd sweetly sing,
And cast their mellow strains around;
Where plover spread their glossy wing,
And spumous cataracts resound.

Amongst these scenes, obscure and wild,
Where nature's happiest beauties rise,
Was rear'd this pure and lovely child,
More beautiful than morning skies!
More harmless than the blithesome fawn!
More sweet than balmy sigh of May,
When flow'rs bedeck the verdant lawn
And wimpling streamlets sweetly play!

O! were I cast on sterile shore,
Where horrors rise in ev'ry form,
Where tempests rage and billows roar,
And thunder bellows thro' the storm;
If thou wert there—O, angel bright!
'Twould be to me a heav'nly bow'r,
The gloomy scene would teem with light,
No more the dismal clouds would low'r.

THE FISHES LIKE THE SHINING LAKE.

The fishes like the shining lake,
The wild birds like the air;
The hares are fond of tangled brake,
The lapwing moorlands bare;
And I delight in my sweet lass
With jetty raven hair.

She's gentle as the summer breeze
That's softly gliding by!
Her breath's as sweet as flow'ring peas!
Her cheeks have roses' dye!
And for this little smiling lass
I could lay down and die!

TO A CHILD.

O, little maiden! full of play,
With laughing eyes of blue—
How happy is each rising day
To innocents like you!

Dull, cank'ring care ne'er shows its face
To overcloud thy brow ;
Sweet happiness thy features grace
Where blushing roses blow.

How diff'rent these to riper years,
To fortune's frowns a prey ;
With anguish, sighs, and bitter tears
We grieve for childhood's day,
And think upon those happy hours
When we were truly blest,
Sporting amongst the op'ning flow'rs
With joy within our breast.

THE BATTLE'S OVER.

The battle's over, and my lost love lies,
Besmear'd with gore, upon this dreary plain ;
The dew falls heavy from the humid skies,
Seeming to weep in pity for the slain.

O, Herbert ! Herbert ! thy dear heart is cold !
No more thou'lt bless me with thy loving smile !
Those eyes are dim that gleam'd with valour bold,
And still's that tongue which did my heart beguile.
O low, O low
'S that manly brow ;
O Herbert, Herbert, thou art dead !
In grief I'm left,
Of thee bereft—
To everlasting wo I'm wed.

How still and silent all ! No murmurs creep
Upon the ev'ning breeze, save grating sound
Of gory birds as slaughter'd brave they seek,
And skim the waste in circuits round and round.
O, I will kiss thy ghastly, pallid cheek,
And lay me down upon thy clay-cold bed,
For I again no home will ever seek,
But watch beside thee till my soul hath fled !
For low, for low
'S that manly brow ;
O Herbert, Herbert, thou art dead !
In grief I'm left,
Of thee bereft—
To everlasting wo I'm wed !

Since thou art gone, no pleasure's left for me;
In thy dear self was center'd all my joy;
O, cruel fate, that robb'd my soul of thee,
And friendless left me o'er thy corse to sigh!
But tho' death's cast its pallid mantle o'er
Thy youthful life, and blighted thy fair bloom,
We'll dwell together on some happier shore—
Love's native sphere, far from this world of gloom,
For low, for low
'S that manly brow;
O Herbert, Herbert, thou art dead!
In grief I'm left,
Of thee bereft—
To everlasting wo I'm wed!

THE SETTING SUN'S DEEP AMBER RAYS.

The setting sun's deep amber rays
Are resting on yon sparkling lakes,
Thro' clust'ring trees the zephyr plays,
And rural minstrelsy awakes,
And the silver star
With glimmering ray
Is peeping afar
At the closing day.

So let us steal out ere the moon tops the hill,
And listen to music of fountain and rill,
And merrily dance o'er the springing flowers,
Bespangled all over with glistening show'rs,
Whilst nightingales sing from the shady bowers,
And joyfully, joyfully pass the hours!
And joyfully, joyfully pass the hours!

The tinkling of the shepherd's bell
Comes wafted from the distant plain,
And from the wild and lonesome dell
Creeps forth the lute's enchanting strain;
And the silver star
With glimmering ray,
Is peeping afar
At the closing day.

So let us steal out, ere the moon tops the hill,
And listen to music of fountain and rill,
And merrily dance o'er the springing flowers,
Bespangled all over with glistening showers,
Whilst nightingales sing from the shady bowers,
And joyfully, joyfully, pass the hours!
And joyfully, joyfully, pass the hours!

THE SWALLOW.

O, SWALLOW! harbinger of spring!
How sweet to mark thy flight
O'er shining lakes, on flutt'ring wing,
O'er beauteous meadows bright!

How mankind hail thy coming here!
How do they welcome thee!
Thou usher'st in the op'ning year,
When sweetly buds the tree.

When gentle May first shows her face,
Then gaily thou art seen,
Skimming about with rapid pace
O'er fields of lovely green.

Oft thou art seen at ev'ning hour,
When all is hush'd and still,
Flying around the shady bow'r
Which screens the tinkling rill.

And flitting round the new mown hay,
And o'er the waving corn ;
Sailing about in amorous play
On balmy breezes borne.

How sweet to mark thee build thy nest
Beneath the jutting thatch !
To summer joys it gives a zest
Thy pleasing ways to watch.

O, swallow ! harbinger of spring !
How sweet to mark thy flight
O'er shining lakes, on flutt'ring wing,
O'er beauteous meadows bright !

O, MARY DEAR!

O, Mary dear!
My soul you cheer
And chasest sorrow from my heart;
What joys appear
When thou art near!
With thee, sweet girl, I ne'er can part!

Thy cheeks' rich dye—
Thy melting sigh
With rapture does my soul inthral!
Thy lovely eyes,
Thy sweet replies,
O, dearest maid, thou art my all!

SWEET IS THE HAWTHORN.

Sweet is the hawthorn, o'er silver lakes growing!
And sweet is the primrose deep hid in the dell!
Sweet is the rosebud when first it is blowing!
And sweet's the pure streamlet that glides from the well!

Sweet is the soft wind o'er lily beds sighing!
And sweet is the first lovely morning in May!
Sweet 'tis to mark the light airy lark flying,
And winging thro' ether to heaven its way!

O, sweet to the ear are forest bees humming!
And sweet the young lambs that rejoice on the lawn!
Sweet 'tis to mark the wild hares swiftly running,
And sportively jumping 'mongst fields of rich corn!

But sweeter, far sweeter is my little Jessie!
That dear smiling angel that I love the best!
I never will leave thee, my sweet charming lassie!
I'll love thee until in the tomb I'm at rest!

O, GLOOMY SEA.

O, GLOOMY sea!
What bosoms free,
And hearts that once with joy did bound,
Are 'neath thy wave
In tangl'd cave,
Where crystal rocks and gems abound!
O, sea! O, sea! say where, O, sea!
Are those dear hearts thou'st ta'en to thee?

What tears are shed
For they the dead,
That thou hast taken to thy breast!
Thou tyrant dire,
In bright attire,
What noble forms beneath thee rest!
O, sea! O, sea! say where, O, sea!
Are those dear hearts thou'st ta'en to thee?

Thy bosom bright
Deludes the sight,
Thou dark deceiver, fell and drear!
Then fury raves
Thy sweeping waves,
And gloomy death is hov'ring near.
O, sea! O, sea! say where, O, sea!
Are those dear hearts thou'st ta'en to thee?

Thou oft hast laid
The tender maid
Within the cold and cheerless grave,
When hearing she
With agony
Her lover cast beneath thy wave.
O, sea! O, sea! say where, O, sea!
Are those dear hearts thou'st ta'en to thee?

HARK! HARK! THE WATERFALL.

Hark! hark! the waterfall
How it floats upon the breeze,
And list the cushat's call
From the lofty forest trees,
And hark the portly thrush
Tune his wild and mellow lay
In yonder hawthorn bush,
Whose snowy blossoms play
In the balmy zephyr that's sailing away;
In the balmy zephyr that's sailing away.

Upon the sea the sun
His glory does unfold;
The light waves as they run
Are burnish'd o'er with gold;
And on the glitt'ring shore,
Bedeck'd with crystals bright,
The naiads sweetly pour
Their music of delight,
And blithely dance beneath the amber ray;
And blithely dance beneath the amber ray.

COME O'ER THE BLUE WATERS.

Come o'er the blue waters with me, my love !
Come, let us embark on the sea !
Come o'er the blue waters with me, my love !
And no harm shall happen to thee.
Come, let us away
Where bright dolphins play,
Where the glist'ning stream
Of gold and of green
Reflects the bright rays of the solar beam !

Let's away where the waters are singing,
O'er dark tangl'd evergreen caves,
Let's away where the waters are singing ;
Come, let us embark on the waves !
Come, let us away
Where bright dolphins play,
Where the glist'ning stream
Of gold and of green
Reflects the bright rays of the solar beam !

THE EV'NING STAR.

THE ev'ning star,
In heav'n afar,
Is o'er the ocean leaning, love;
The sun's last rays are streaming, love;
With gold the skies are beaming, love;
Come! wander forth with me, my dear,
Across yon spangl'd lea, my dear,
For all is still,
Save gushing rill,
And hum of beetle bee, my dear.

Come! let us stray
In wilds away;
The twilight fast is dying, love;
The silent bats are flying, love;
The balmy breeze is sighing, love;
Come! wander forth with me, my dear,
Across yon spangl'd lea, my dear,
For all is still,
Save gushing rill,
And hum of beetle bee, my dear.

Come! lovely maid,
Let's down the glade,
And lonely dells be seeking, love;
The moon is slowly creeping, love;
And o'er the mountains peeping, love;
Come! wander forth with me, my dear,
Across yon spangl'd lea, my dear,
For all is still,
Save gushing rill,
And hum of beetle bee, my dear.

BEAUTEOUS MARY.

Beauteous Mary!
Beauteous Mary!
Sweeter than the almond grove!
Laughing fairy!
Laughing fairy!
When shall I e'er cease to love?
O never, never, whilst this heart
Of life retains one ling'ring spark—
Never! never! never!

Sweet as flower,
Sweet as flower,
With globes of glitt'ring crystals set
From dewy show'r,
From dewy show'r,—
O! shall I ever thee forget?
O never, never, whilst this heart
Of life retains one ling'ring spark—
Never! never! never!

When far away,
When far away,
Upon the darksome, dreary sea,
Both night and day,
Both night and day,
I'll never cease to think of thee—
O never, never, whilst this heart
Of life retains one ling'ring spark—
Never! never! never!

THE SPACIOUS SEA.

The spacious sea
Bespangl'd o'er
So beautifully
From shore to shore—
How lovely and pure to the sight!
Its wavy breast
And glist'ning gleam,
Where sea-birds rest
On water green,
Fill the soul with joy and delight.

The pale blue sky
So clear and bright;
The brilliant die
Of great Sol's light;
The soft zephyr rustling the tree—
The flow'rs that bend
O'er mountain rill,
And odours send
From breezy hill,
Remind me, dear maiden, of thee!

HOW SWEET, THE RURAL STRAIN.

How sweet, how sweet, the rural strain
That issues from the secret wood,
When singing zephyrs bend the grain,
When murm'ring is the distant flood,
When larks their ev'ning song are pouring,
And thro' the orange sky are soaring!

How sweet to mark the round moon rise,
And cast her mild ray o'er the hill,
And silver o'er the twilight skies,
And glisten on the gurgling rill,
When o'er the wave the sun's declining,
And on some other land is shining!

COME! PASS THE WINE AROUND.

(FROM THE AUTHOR'S TRAGEDY OF THE SPANIARD.)

COME! pass the wine around—
This night we'll all be happy, boys!
Come! pass the wine around—
Let melancholy fly—
To night our wit shall shine,
We'll soar to scenes of bliss, my boys!
To night our wit shall shine,
No sorrow comes us nigh.
Let mirth and joy abound,
And merry song go round;
We'll quaff the ruby liquid of the grape;
For the nectar of the bowl
Will invigorate the soul,
And chords of purest pleasure will awake.
Come! pass the wine, &c.

Wine fires the soldier's heart
When cannons they are roaring, boys;
Wine fires the soldier's heart
When danger hovers near.
It cures the lover's smart
When mistress is unkindly, boys;
It cures the lover's smart
And new-born joys appear.
Come! minstrel, tune thy strings—
Apollo spread thy wings—
Let melody creep sweetly on the air,
For what would be this earth
If music had not birth?
Why, a wilderness of dark, cheerless care!
Come! pass the wine, &c.

Wine cheers the huntsmen's souls
When bugle horns are winding, boys;
Wine cheers the huntsmen's souls,
As with the wind they fly,
When whistling Boreas howls,
And roaring are the forests, boys;
When whistling Boreas howls,
And eager stag hounds cry.

Here's to the amber stream
That casts its lovely gleam,
And sparkles 'neath the bright, pellucid glass!
I love thy smiling face,
What pleasure there I trace;
O! who could o'er thy beauties lightly pass?
Come! pass the wine, &c.

Come! quaff the rosy wine,
The pallid moon is waning, boys;
Come! quaff the rosy wine,
Let ecstacy us crown.
O! who would now repine?
Come! fast the wine be draining, boys;
O! who would now repine?
Or care for fortunes frown?
Come! minstrel, tune thy strings—
Apollo spread thy wings—
Let melody creep sweetly on the air,
For what would be this earth
If music had not birth?
Why, a wilderness of dark, cheerless care!
Come! pass the wine, &c.

O, DAISY WHITE!

O, DAISY white!
So clear and bright!
That peep'st above the grassy lea,
Thou art an emblem of the maid
That I love unto ecstacy!

For modesty
She rivals thee!
She's purer than thy spotless leaves!
She's speckless as the mountain snow!
For her sweet love my bosom heaves!

Her eyes of blue,
More bright than dew,
Which glistens on thy milky head!
Would melt the hardest stony heart!
And strike the wond'ring savage dead!

HUNTING SONG.

The gray light is peeping o'er the hills,
Let's away ! let's away ! let's away !
The gray light is peeping o'er the hills,
Heralding the god of day, god of day ;
Heralding the god of day.
The morning is clear,
The bright streaks of red,
Like rainbows appear,
O'er the ocean's bed.
The breezes are blowing,
The pheasants are crowing,
The waters are laving the far distant shore,
The herds loud are bleating,
Birds morning are greeting,
And the sweet scented flow'rs their rich odours pour.
Let's away ! let's away !
We'll no longer delay—
Sly reynard hath left his retreat ;
Come, sound the shrill blast !
The time's flying fast !

And we the sly rascal must meet,
Must meet;
And we the sly rascal must meet.
How sweetly sound the bugle's notes,
As o'er the turf we fly!
How richly o'er the hills it floats
Joining the hounds' loud cry!
Now we go!
High and low!
Earth is flying!
Dogs are crying!
Horses falling!
Whippers bawling!
Horns are sounding!
Woods resounding!
The solid earth trembles beneath us!
The solid earth trembles beneath us!
Like the wild deer we fly o'er the mountain,
We leave the green woods far behind;
Like larks unto heaven we're mounting,
Borne swift on the wings of the wind,
Borne swift on the wings of the wind
The fox is hard press'd—
Now, dogs, do your best!

He makes for the wood—
He's taken the flood !
He swims like a fish in the sea !
He swims like a fish in the sea !
Follow on ! follow on ! hark away !
Let us with the swift hounds keep pace—
Hark ! how loudly the eager steeds neigh !
O ! this is a glorious chase !
O ! this is a glorious chase !
Up hill and down
We onward roll,
Where huge crags frown
And torrents growl.
Halloo ! hark forward ! hark forward, my boys !
O'er shining lakes,
O'er fields of corn,
Thro' tangl'd brakes
We're onward borne ;
O'er ivied walls,
Thro' dismal dells,
O'er waterfalls,
O'er holy wells.
Our horses are wet with foam !
Our horses are wet with foam !

Halloo ! hark away ! hark away, my brave boys !
Halloo, my brave boys, hark away !
Like the wild deer we fly o'er the mountain,
We leave the green woods far behind ;
Like larks unto heaven we're mounting,
Borne swift on the wings of the wind.

AN ELEGY.

Dost see yon mound which rises there,
Beside yon little waterfall ?
It covers one both good and fair,
Whom death didst so untimely call !

Beneath that sod a sailor sleeps,
As sweet a youth as e'er was born !
The slimy red worm o'er him creeps,
And preys on his once goodly form.

No more he'll see the boist'rous waves,
Nor feel the white spray o'er him fly ;
No more he'll see the lightnings blaze,
Nor hear the boding petrel's cry.

No more for him the sun shall rise,
Nor gentle moon with silver ray ;
No more for him athwart the skies
The northern lights fantastic play.

No more for him shall morning break
With rosy tints and fresh'ning breeze,
No more his Fanny he will seek
In shady bower o'erhung with trees.

Poor Fanny ! thou no more wilt see
That lovely form thou lov'd so well ;
In solitude thou now must be,
Thy lover with the dead doth dwell !

No more for him at close of day
Shall blackbirds sing their ev'ning song,
Nor rippling brooks their music play,
Nor lambkins skip the flow'rs among.

But tho' this world hath clos'd on thee,
And shut its beauties from thy sight ;
Thy noble spirit now is free,
And lives in bliss 'midst heav'nly light.

NIGHT.

The sun has now retired, and night has thrown
A garb of darkness o'er, and drawn around
The sleeping orb of day its sable hood;
While Phœbus rests the moon resumes her charge,
Sentry like, she watches o'er the slumb'ring world;
The busy hum of cheerful day has ceased
And stillness reigns upon a shadow'd throne
In solemn majesty. The gentle breeze,
Borne o'er the dewy flow'rs, breathes softly by:
The thirsty earth now drinks a copious draught,
For all the live long day the sunbeams play'd,
And nature droop'd at eve with parching thirst.
No sound disturbs or breaks the tranquil hour,
Save restless brook, which o'er its rugged bed
Seeks sleep in vain, and onward murmurs forth
By slumb'ring hills and groves in calm repose,
Its melancholy, sad, and plaintive strain.
Lull'd by the pensive gurgle of the wave,
Old ocean's king reclines in tranquil sleep,

Upon a coral couch, with robes enriched,
And mantled o'er with tender velvet moss,
In grotto deep curv'd by the restless sea,
O'er hung by crystal rocks whose summits gleam
With precious stones; beauteous sombre plants
Suspended hang o'er gems in festoons grand,
Wav'd by the fish and kiss their silver sides.
Fatigued and drowsy with her nightly watch,
The tired moon has sunk and gone to rest
Behind the Cambrian hills, whose dusky tops
In shadow wrapt frown on the fading ray
Gleaming in the west. Now light has vanish'd,
Trembling stars peep out with virgin coyness,
Which by Cynthia's brightness were eclips'd,
And spangle o'er the sable robe of night
Like glitt'ring gems. Resplendant Jupiter!
The sweet harbinger of returning day,
Unrival'd shines in the eastern heaven,
And sheds his unassuming modest beam,
Wide spreading o'er the land the tidings glad
Of fast approaching, gay, and joyous morn.

ADIEU.

Adieu, old Cambria's mountains high !
And dark embow'ring woods !
Clear running streams where herons cry,
And wildly sweeping floods,

Adieu, ye blue pellucid lakes,
Where pebbles brightly shine !
Ye pewets deep within the brakes
Where wild shrubs fondly twine !

Adieu, ye much-lov'd, secret dells,
Where modest flow'rets grow,
Where violets sweet and tender bells
Their tiny blossoms blow !

Adieu, ye gloomy pine trees tall !
And twining woodbines sweet !
Adieu, ye rails that wildly call
'Mongst fields of golden wheat !

Adieu, sweet flow'ring hawthorns gray !
  Ye shady elder trees !
And swallows swift who wing your way
  Upon the gentle breeze !

Farewell ! I never more shall see
  The scenes I lov'd so dear ;
There's naught but sorrow left for me ;
  A gloomy prospect drear !

PLY THE OAR!

Ply the oar!
Ply the oar!
Bold mariners, bold mariners!
The dark clouds are hovering near—
The glist'ning waves are rising high,
The screaming sea birds o'er us fly,
Dismal and dark's the low'ring sky,
A tempest is approaching nigh!
The aspect is cheerless and drear!

Ply the oar!
Ply the oar!
Bold mariners, bold mariners!
Make the skiff thro' the waters fly—
The angry breakers fiercely growl,
In wildest fury billows roll;
Like thunder loud the whirlwinds howl,
The lightning's flash lights up the whole,
As quickly it flitteth us by.

SWEET MAIDEN, TENDER AS THE DOVE.

Sweet maiden, tender as the dove!
Wilt thou ere think of me,
O blooming girl, with eyes of love!
When I am far from thee?
For I have lov'd thee long and true—
O, I do thee adore!
Those laughing eyes of purest blue,
I ne'er shall see them more!

Thou'rt sweeter than the sigh of May!
And fairer than the snow!
Thou'rt innocent as fawns at play!
Thy cheeks have roses' glow!
But I must cross the briny sea,
And with thy charms must part;
The bitter thought of leaving thee
Nigh breaks my trembling heart!

THE MOON IS BRIGHTLY SHINING.

(FROM THE AUTHOR'S TRAGEDY OF MONTANIO AND ADDALENA.)

THE moon is brightly shining, love!
The castle clock is chiming, love!
Come, wake from your rest
And your lover is blest!
And we'll stray where the vines are twining, love!

The gentle breeze is blowing, love!
The gondoliers are rowing, love!
Come down from your bow'r,
Thou beautiful flow'r!
We'll stray where the myrtles are growing, love!

The fairies are lightly dancing, love!
Their tiny steeds are prancing, love!
Come, let us away,
Ere peep of the day,
Or light of the morning is glancing, love!

AUTUMN.

O, BEAUTEOUS autumn ! now the fading woods
Put on their saffron robes of richest die !
The prattling rills which used to murmur by
Are now transform'd to wild impetuous floods ;

And onward roll to join the spacious stream,
Which shines afar so silv'ry and so clear,
On whose wide surface Sol's bright rays appear,
Lighting it up with warm and glowing beam.

O, glorious sun ! how beauteous to behold
Thee riding in the clear transparent sky,
Where not one cloud dims the cerulean die,
Or soils with dusky face the sky of gold !

So clear, so pure, so cheering to the sight,
So gladd'ning to the heart, so heav'nly grand !
O ! lovely work of the Almighty hand,
Thou fill'st the soul of man with prospects bright !

And lift'st from off his mind a load of care,
  And sooth'st his bitter days with joy and peace ;
  All worldly thoughts within his bosom cease,
In heav'n are they where all is good and fair.

All creatures joy in these clear autumn days,
  And sport about and gambol with delight ;
  They check the ling'ring swallow's yearly flight,
And buzzing insects sport within the rays.

The little robin tunes his lovely lay,
  And at the top of some lone, aged tree
  Pours forth his sweet and plaintive melody,
Soothing the soul when nature doth decay ;

And cheering gloomy winter with his notes ;
  When howling wind through naked forests roar,
  And smoth'ring sleet and rattling hailstorms pour,
Upon the wintry blast his music floats.

O, lovely bird ! the sweetest of thy race !
  That cheer'st the hours when summer's far away,
  Thou, like sweet hope at man's declining day
Illum'st the fading year's expiring face.

MAY.

O, GLORIOUS, lovely, rosy May!
Thou month of painted flow'rs!
Thou month when nature's melody
Its sweetest music pours!

Thou month, the sweetest of the year!
O, how thou cheer'st the heart!
How creatures laugh when thou art near!
How loath with thee to part!

How sweetly sound the running brooks
Beneath thy lovely sky!
How sweet's the cry of busy rooks
As thro' the air they fly!

How sweet's the humming of the bees!
How sweet the skylark's note!
How sweet the rustling of the trees
As in thy breath they float!

Now richly green's the rising corn,
  Now blooms the hawthorn tree ;
Now early sounds the cock's shrill horn,
  In sweetest harmony.

Now sweetly bloom the apple trees,
  Now spring the fragrant lillies ;
How beautiful the rising peas !
  How rich the daffodillies !

Now joyfully they trip around
  The maypole tow'ring high,
Their bounding feet scarce touch the ground,
  As o'er the turf they fly.

How sweet the blushing maiden seems,
  Who blithely trips along,
Upon the spacious flow'ry greens
  Joining her merry song !

They dance, and sing, and sport, and play
  In rapturous delight ;
O, glorious, lovely first of May !
  Thou'rt beautiful and bright !

May! sweetest month of all the year!
O, how thou charm'st the heart!
How creatures laugh when thou art near!
How loath with thee to part!

DOWN BY YON RIVER.

Down by yon river wildly sweeping,
Where slender waving willows droop,
Sits a lovely maiden weeping,
Whom her lover had forsook.

The mournful breeze is softly sighing,
The birds are singing in the trees;
To ease her grief they all seem trying,
But naught can this poor maiden please.

O, William! I am broken hearted!
Forsaken here I'm left to sigh—
How could'st thou from thy love be parted,
And leave her here forlorn to die!

THE SOLDIER'S DEATH.

FAINT on this dreary moor I lay,
All lonely and forlorn—
Now over is the deadly fray,
And still's the martial horn.
My good sword's lying by my side,
Which never yet me fail'd,
When bloody war was raging wide
And enemies assail'd.

But now, alas! upon this field
Of slaughter I must die—
No more the shining steel I'll wield,
Nor make the foeman fly;
No more I'll hear the cannon roar,
Nor charge in battle's heat,
Where gushing streams of reeking gore
Were running at my feet.

My path of glory's nearly run,
My breath is flying fast!
O, sword! you've many a laurel won!
But those bright days are past!

But I would rather lay with thee
  Within this smoking brake,
Than die in beds of majesty,
  Or lie in pompous state.

Ah! little thought my mother dear,
  When my childhood she watch'd o'er,
That I should fall 'mongst scenes so drear,
  Upon a foreign shore;
That on the form she lov'd so well
  The kite would break its fast,
That howling wolves would sing his knell
  Borne on the fœtid blast.

Ah! little thought my own kind dear,
  As she girt my sword-belt on,
That I should find a bloody bier
  To rest my head upon;
And bless'd me with her kisses sweet
  Whilst the tear stood in her eye—
The thought of her my heart doth break—
  I die! I die! I die!

I MET HER 'NEATH THE ASPEN TREES.

I MET her 'neath the aspen trees,
When night was slowly creeping,
The leaves were trembling in the breeze
Thro' which the moon was peeping—
And O! she appear'd like the vesper star
Brightly gleaming in the sky,
When casting her ray round her silver car,
Which floated 'midst purple die:
And Philomel
Within the bower,
Her song did tell
'Neath blushing flower,
To charm this sweet nymph of the wood,
To charm this sweet nymph of the wood.

The zephyrs play'd upon the stream,
The fountain sweet was singing,
The glow-worm cast its cheering gleam,
The downy moths were winging,

And the woodbines raised their glowing heads,
As she pass'd by the scented grove,
And little flow'rets peep'd from their beds
At this heav'nly angel of love:
And Philomel
Within the bower,
Her song did tell
'Neath blushing flower,
To charm this sweet nymph of the wood,
To charm this sweet nymph of the wood.

The pearly drop of brilliant dew
On new rosebud reclining,
Was naught to those bright eyes of blue
Which on me then were shining!
And O! she appeared like the vesper star
Brightly gleaming in the sky,
When casting her ray round her silver car,
Which floated 'midst purple die:
And Philomel
Within the bower,
Her song did tell
'Neath blushing flower,
To charm this sweet nymph of the wood,
To charm this sweet nymph of the wood.

O, MAIDEN FAIR.

O, MAIDEN fair!
With sunny hair,
I love to gaze on thy sweet face;
Thy eyes are bright,
With heav'nly light!
O, thou art deck'd with every grace!

O, was I where
Storms rend the air
And desolation reigns forlorn,
If thou wert there
I'd smile at care,
For thou art sweeter than the morn!

BEYOND YON WOODS.

BEYOND yon woods where wild shrubs twine,
Where lambs are blithely sporting, O!
My Fanny milks the lowing kine,
And I'll away a courting, O!

The modest flow'ret in the dell
Just peeping at the morning, O !
The primrose by the crystal well
Its tangled sides adorning, O !

The hawthorn bloom—the milk white sloe,
The rose in all its splendour, O !
Lone violets that in beauty blow,
And little blue bells slender, O !

Are sweet, and lovely to behold
When wet with dewy showers, O !
And Phœbus' rays of burnish'd gold
Shine on them in the bowers, O !

But lovelier far is Fanny dear !
She is my only deary, O !
When this sweet angel comes me near
My heart is always cheery, O !

THOU 'RT UNDER THE GREEN SEA.

THOU 'RT under the green sea,
My own true love,
And I'm left in sorrow repining;
Thou'st left this drear vale
For regions above,
Where glory and goodness are shining—
No more I'll gaze on thy bright beaming eye;
My visions are fled—my heart longs to die,
And join thee in bliss far away in the sky!

O! thou wert too pure
For this dark earth,
Where vice over virtue is soaring;
Thou 'rt now in that bow'r,
Where joy has its birth,
And heavenly music is pouring—
No more I'll gaze on thy bright beaming eye;
My visions are fled—my heart longs to die,
And join thee in bliss far away in the sky!

O ! I soon will follow
To thee, my love,
To that lovely dwelling resplendant,
Where fond hearts are free,
And happily rove
With beauteous angels attendant—
No more I'll gaze on thy bright beaming eye ;
My visions are fled—my heart longs to die,
And join thee in bliss far away in the sky !

FAREWELL, DIONA DEAR.

Farewell, farewell, Diona dear—
Farewell—a kind farewell !
May joys in ev'ry form appear
And in thy bosom dwell—
O, thou art sweeter than the ray
That's shot from ev'ning star,
At close of bright autumnal day,
In crystal skies afar !

My own, my own Diona dear !
My own, my own Diona dear !
May laughing joy,
Without alloy,
Surround thee, sweet Diona dear !

May happiness about thee twine
And glow within thy heart,
And placid peace around thee shine
When from thee I'm apart—
And tho' I now from thee must rove
Far o'er the gloomy sea,
My heart will always teem with love
Sweet maiden dear for thee—
My own, my own Diona dear !
My own, my own Diona dear !
May laughing joy,
Without alloy,
Surround thee, sweet Diona dear !

HUBERT AND MARION.

The sun had set beyond the sea,
And all was sweet tranquillity ;
The golden hue o'erspread the sky,
And dy'd the billows riding by ;
The echoes from the mountain land
Came wafted on the zephyr bland.
Far in the west with glimm'ring light,
Sweet modest Venus met the sight,
And o'er the hills obscure and dim
Was seen Diana's silver rim ;
The velvet bat was sailing by,
And flitting round the singing rye,
And o'er the wide pellucid lake
The timid rail its course did take ;
The purple beetles hum'd around,
As from the dew bespangl'd ground
They took their wide and heedless flight,
Rejoicing in the haze of night.
It was the lovely close of day
When Marion took her lonely way

(In pensive mood—forlorn and sad ;
Sweet nature had not pow'r to glad
Her aching heart—all joy had fled)—
To sit and muse beside the lake
Where she the last farewell did take
Of Hubert, he she lov'd so dear !
No ray appear'd her soul to cheer ;
All seem'd a void, a prospect drear.
He was as brave a youth as e'er
Did falchion from its scabbard bare,
Or ever cross'd the horse of war,
Or follow'd Mars' destructive car.
His raven locks in clusters fell
O'er brow as white as lily bell ;
His cheeks were as the hazel tree ;
Embrown'd and ting'd so beautif 'lly ;
The lashes of his beaming eye
Were curv'd and long, of sable die,
Beneath whose shade two orbs were seen
Of such a bright and dazzling beam,
That naught on earth could with them vie,
Save that proud bird that mounts the sky,
And tow'rds the golden sun doth fly.
As soon as night let fall her robe
These lovers met within the grove

Of willows, by the gliding stream
Beneath the moon's delighting beam,
And talk'd of love, and whiled the hours
Away amongst the woodland flow'rs.
O, love ! O, love ! thou brilliant ray !
How thou illum'st the gloomy day
Of wretched man !—without thy pow'r
How cheerless then would be the hour !
Uncheck'd, dark sorrow's day would reign
Without one joy to break the chain.
For many moons this maiden true
Met naught to dim her eyes of blue,
Till foemen dire o'erspread the land,
A desp'rate and a wreakful band,
And war, dread war ! began to wage
With dreadful and destructive rage.
O, war ! O, war ! thou blighter fell !
What horrors in thy shadow dwell !
Thou deadly spoiler !—hated ! curs'd !
All pleasure flies when thy loud burst
Is heard to creep upon the eár !
Then desolation's drawing near !
Her Hubert now must join the pow'r
That on the haughty foemen pour ;

He now must go where claymores' clash ;
Where wrathful men on danger dash
With madd'ning rage, and deadly ire,
With foaming mouths, and eyes of fire.
Where deadly cannons loudly roar,
And heated shot like hailstones pour,
And neighing chargers madly bound,
And fly like wind the plain around.
The lovely youth she prized above
All things on earth—her only love !
Must now expose his beauteous form
To all the horrors of the storm
Of this vile fray.—O, wretched hours !
What anguish to her bosom pours !
Now all the tender things that oft
He'd said to her, her fancy cross'd ;
Departed images of joy
Around her mind in visions fly.
How oft he'd call'd her his dear love,
And sworn by all the pow'rs above
To love her till the day he died,
And ne'er be absent from her side.
How oft upon his manly breast
Her head's reclin'd in sweetest rest,

And heard him heave the tender sigh,
And say she was his only joy.
Now all has fled, and he must hie
Unto the battle field to die.
And thus it is ! our pleasure flies
Like silken clouds along the skies ;
Like echoes from the breezy hill,
Awhile they're heard, then all is still ;
Like glowing gleams shot from the sun,
Thro' hanging clouds so dense and dun,
Which o'er the gloomy landscape run.
Her Hubert went to meet the foe,
His cheek with valour bright did glow ;
He fought as ne'er youth fought before—
Alas ! alas ! he'll fight no more !
He wounded lays amongst the gore !—
And now the vision of the maid
He'd met within the lonely glade
Around his heated fancy play'd.
He thought if he could reach the bow'r,
And see again this lovely flow'r,
The dart of death would be less keen,
Upon that bright and flow'ry green,
Attended by his lovely queen.

With toil and pain he took his way
From that drear field where thousands lay,
Upon his noble, faithful steed,
Unconscious of the fatal deed
Which stain'd with gore his dappled side,
And flow'd around the verdure wide.
At length near spent with loss of blood
He reach'd the dark and roaring flood,
From who's green banks he saw the grove
Where oft he'd plighted vows of love.
Onward he moved with hanging head,
His heart's pulsation nigh was dead;
The sweat drop stood upon his brow;
With hectic flush his cheek did glow,
When 'neath the willows low declining,
He saw his Marion's form reclining.
With shriek of joy she made a bound;
He fell expiring to the ground;
She gazed upon his pallid face;
She lock'd him in a wild embrace,
Whilst o'er her robe his life drops race.
He faintly breath'd "my Marion!"
Then calmly died without a groan.

Her eyes were fixed, her breath had fled;
Upon his breast reclined her head;
Their spirits flew to scenes of joy,
Far, far beyond the golden sky,
To dwell in bow'rs of purity.

DESCRIPTION OF A TEMPEST.

The wild tempest breaks with deaf'ning uproar!
Yon dark and dismal heavy low'ring cloud
Now bellows forth its thunder long and loud!
And boist'rous waves growl hoarsely on the shore.

The huge trees groan beneath the howling blast;
The beating rain in heavy drops descend,
And sturdy oaks before the tempest bend,
And thro' the air are shining meteors cast.

The dismal sky assumes fantastic shapes—
Dark, humid clouds o'er distant mountains rise!
Ominious birds repeat their hideous cries,
And serpents hiss within the smoking brakes.

The falls are roaring, gloomy forests groan;
Fragments of rock are tumbling headlong o'er
The chasm's sides with awful echoing roar,
And tow'ring trees are from their summits torn.

The foaming waters leap, and wildly dash;
The vivid lightning flits across the sky;
The horrid thunder bolt's approaching nigh!
See! where it falls, with dreadful rattling crash!

THE BRIGHT SUN IS GLEAMING.

The bright sun is gleaming,
Pretty maid! pretty maid!
The bright sun is gleaming
High o'er the hills;
The warm beams are streaming
Pretty maid! pretty maid!
The warm beams are streaming,
And gilding the rills;
And upland breeze blows softly by
And waves the willow tree,
And from the bow'rs with plaintive sigh
Creeps forth sweet minstrelsy.

The streamlets are flowing,
Pretty maid! pretty maid!
The streamlets are flowing
And laughing away;
The roses are glowing,
Pretty maid! pretty maid!
The roses are glowing
Beneath the bright ray;
And upland breeze blows softly by
And waves the willow tree,
And from the bow'rs with plaintive sigh
Creeps forth sweet minstrelsy.

The blithe lark is winging,
Pretty maid! pretty maid!
The blithe lark is winging
Far, far in the sky;
The blackbird is singing,
Pretty maid! pretty maid!
The blackbird is singing
In covert hard by;
And upland breeze blows softly by
And waves the willow tree,
And from the bow'rs with plaintive sigh
Creeps forth sweet minstrelsy.

So come to the mountain,
Pretty maid! pretty maid!
So come to the mountain
This sweet summer day!
And list to the fountain,
Pretty maid! pretty maid!
And list to the fountain
Which gurgles away;
The upland breeze blows softly by
And waves the willow tree,
And from the bow'rs with plaintive sigh
Creeps forth sweet minstrelsy.

STANZAS.

I now repose on the wide blue sea,
A soothing calm prevails,
Bright Phœbus is riding in majesty,
And loosely hang the sails.
I mark the birds fly—
I list to their cry—
And distinctly see,
In pellucid sea,
Some fathoms below
The bright dolphins' glow,
With their brilliant hues
Deep orange and blues,
Whilst their sides unfold
Streakes of molten gold:
Now I see them rise
With their glowing eyes,
And voraciously spring
At fish on the wing,
Whilst gondoliers sweet stanzas sing
And charm with melody mine ear,
Which gently borne on zephyr's wing
Comes creeping by my soul to cheer.

SWEET IS OLD MERSEY'S STREAM.

Sweet is old Mersey's stream,
Like bright crystal shining!
Sweet is the Eastham wood
Where wild shrubs are twining!
And sweet is yon cottage
Amongst the trees peeping,
For there lives the fair one
For whom my heart's breaking!

She's sweeter than woodbine
In first hour of morning!
Her eyes are like dew drops
The rosebuds adorning!
She's sweeter than soft breeze
Blown fresh from the mountain!
She's pure as the bright stream
That glides by yon fountain!

Her voice it is sweeter
Than silver brooks gushing !
Her cheeks are far richer
Than new roses blushing !
Mild as the breath of May
O'er wild flowers sighing !
O, sweet lovely fair one,
For thee I am dying !

THE HUNTSMAN'S DEPARTURE.

The sable mantle of the gloomy night
Is now withdrawn ; the glowing rosy tint
Of beauteous morn o'erspreads the wide horizon ;
The crimson streamers kiss the ocean bed,
And ling'ring clouds of bright and pearly hue
Mix with the red, and add their silv'ry lustre.
The glimm'ring stars now vanish from the sight,
Till all are gone, save brilliant Jupiter,
Who casts his modest ray far in the east,
Then disappears before the rising day.

The dusky bats and flapping screaming owls,
Which all the live long night were on the wing,
Have now retired before the morning breeze.
The quiv'ring leaves are glist'ning with the dew;
The modest flow'rets ope their milky heads,
And cast their sweetness on the fragrant air.
The green bowers ring with notes of waking birds,
And waving woods are fraught with melody.
The lofty elms and wild fantastic stems
Of clust'ring oaks are feather'd with the mist,
And as the gentle gale blows o'er their tops,
The drops descend in showers like glitt'ring gems,
And silver o'er the purple violet leaves.
The gushing streamlet's jumping o'er the rocks,
And singing 'mongst the variegated stones.
Now wakes the joyous huntsman from his rest,
Peers at the peeping morn with anxious eye,
Then quickly issues forth to rouse his mates;
What ho! what ho! rise up my hearty boys!
The morning breaks, and Sol is rising fast;
The howling dogs are eager to break forth,
And brush the dew o'er yon wide upland lawn.
Come from your nests ye slumbering sluggards!
Shake off the drowsy god, Aurora hail!
Quick buckle on your belts, and let's away.

On to your horses men ! no time must fly
Away in preparation. Out with the hounds !
Sound loud your bugle horns, my heroes stout ;
And off we fly before the sweeping wind.

SWEET MAIDEN.

Sweet maiden, fairest of the fair !
That dwell'st in yonder rural cot,
Thy lovely form would banish care
And make me smile at fate's hard lot !
Thou 'rt like a fairy light and gay,
Tripping so blithely o'er the flow'rs,
When thro' the fields thou takest thy way
To spend with me the happy hours !

O ! thou art sweet as glowing rose
That hangs suspended in the air !
Thy eyes are black as glist'ning sloes !
Thy neck is pure as lily fair !
And who could look in that bright eye,
So lovely, pure, so meek and mild,
That would not heave the tender sigh,
And own thee nature's sweetest child ?

THE HARE.

Far in the tangled grove,
Carelessly thou dost rove,
O'er shining meadows bespangl'd with flow'rs,
Blithely thou skip'st along,
Sweet scented shrubs among,
To thy lonely form within the deep bow'rs.

'Tis there thou reposes,
'Mongst blushing wild roses,
Blue bells and violets around thy head blow ;
Sweet peace with thee doth dwell,
Deep in the briary dell,
Heart-eating sorrow thou never didst know.

Thou hearest the gushing brook
Deep in the shady nook ;
Thou hearest the wild wind shake the tall trees ;
Thou 'rt with the fragrant thyme,
Woodbines that sweetly twine
And hang their rich blossoms o'er nests of wild bees.

Then when the twilight com'st
O'er the green turf thou run'st,
And nipp'st the young grass so tender and sweet;
Silently dart'st along,
Sweet clover blooms among,
Then suddenly bound'st off to thy safe retreat.

O, to remain with thee!
Far from society;
Far from those vain joys which bring naught but wo.
Sweet peace with thee doth dwell,
Deep in the briary dell;
Heart-eating sorrow thou never didst know.

SLEEP.

Now toiling day is o'er, now labour's ceas'd,
And frail mankind upon their pallets rest,
Lock'd in the dark embrace of drowsy sleep,
Whose shadow'd wing o'erspreads the wearied frame,
Like welcome cloud, which o'er the drooping flow'rs,
That parching thirst beneath the mid-day sun,

Spreads wide a vapoury mantle o'er, and feeds
With sparkling limpid drops exhausted nature.
Sleep, like death, 's regardless of distinction—
Monarchs lose their power! the transient crown
That stood upon their brow is laid aside,
And all the titles of the world are naught,
And wealth diminishes to nothingness,
Whilst dark oblivion o'er the senses rest.
The abject, low, and miserable slave,
When sets the burning sun, drags home at eve
His sinking, weary limbs to wretched hut,
Forgets upon a hard and ragged bed
His innumerable woes and hapless fate;
Is superior to exalted kings
Who doze upon a restless couch of down.
Mortals forget their animosities,
And sweet tranquillity and peace now reign:
The buoyant laugh of merriment has ceased,
And joyous song. How still and motionless!
How like the slumb'ring dead! for now mankind's
Insensible to all the cares of life,
Whose stormy sea breaks o'er his shatter'd bark
Borne by the blast of stern adversity.
When faint and tired with life's dreary day,

Pale death steals o'er our jaded frames
Like sweet and tranquil slumbers of the night.
When breath has left its worn-out cell, the soul,
Invigorated with the sleep of death,
Bursts the fetters of its earthly dungeon,
And flies to realms of everlasting light.

STANZAS.

Groves of my youth! where oft I have stray'd!
Lawns of my youth! where oft I have play'd!
Trees of my youth! so stately and tall—
Streams of my youth! where bright waters fall—
Flowers of my youth! that adorn'd the green dell—
The cowslip, the daisy, and sweet heather bell;
The wild poppy blushing amongst the green corn,
Silver'd all over with dew of the morn.
Lark of my youth! with thy loud cheering song—
Bees of my youth! the rich woodbines among—
Sky of my youth! so pellucid and bright—
Clouds of my youth! with your bosoms of white—
Sun of my youth! with your deep golden beam—
Stars of my youth! with your light twinkling gleam—

O ! moon of my youth ! so gentle and mild—
Rocks of my youth ! with your scenery wild—
Hills of my youth ! whose high peaks reach the sky—
Crags of my youth ! where the wild eagles cry—
Sea of my youth ! with your high-swelling flood—
Shore of my youth ! and encompassing wood—
Girl of my youth ! with thy rich auburn hair,
With mild eyes of love, and bosom so fair.
Home of my youth ! where I spent my first hours,
You've flown from my sight like mist from the flow'rs ;
Now nothing is left in this wide world for me !
O ! days of my youth ! how I sorrow for ye !

BEYOND THE MERSEY'S RAPID TIDE.

Beyond the Mersey's rapid tide,
And by a flow'ry hillock's side,
My only true love does reside,
And he's a gallant sailor !

His raven locks curl o'er his brow,
As pure and white as mountain snow,
His cheeks excel the rose's glow !
I love my gallant sailor !

His honied words, his tender sigh,
His manly form and eagle's eye ;
O ! for him I could freely die !
My brave and noble sailor !

How oft I've wander'd in the bow'r,
When dew-drops glisten'd on the flow'r,
At lovely twilight's solemn hour
Along with my sweet sailor !

Whilst music gurgles from the rills,
Whilst zephyrs bland come from the hills,
Whilst spring our hearts with gladness fills,
I'll ne'er forsake my sailor !

STANZAS.

I LOVE to stand upon the lonely shore
When sun declines behind the western wave,
When rays of gold from his bright orbit pour,
And singing waters 'mongst the pebbles lave.

And, as I gaze on his departing beam
Of amber die, so beauteous and sublime,
I long to leave life's dark and troubled stream,
And follow him to some more lovely clime,
Where virtue solely reigns, and sweet-eyed goodness shine!

RISE UP.

Rise up,
Rise up,
From mountain high,
Bright moon,
Bright moon,
And deck the sky
With thy bright cheering ray;
Sweet queen,
Sweet queen,
The lovers friend;
Come forth,
Come forth,
The dark clouds rend,
And let thy streamers play!

Disperse,
Disperse,
All thoughts of earth;
Descend,
Descend,
Where ye had birth,
And sully not this hour;
But come,
But come,
Ye fairy queens,
Sport round,
Sport round
The dew-deck'd greens,
And heav'nly music pour!

SONNET.

Meet me when the moon's faint ray
First shoots across the distant hill;
When low hath sunk the god of day,
And singing is the bubbling rill!

Meet me when gentle blows the breeze
O'er fragrant beds of springing flow'rs ;
When birds sing sweetly in the trees
Where woodbines deck the shady bow'rs !

Meet me when the distant sound
Of busy men wax faint and low ;
When misty dews rise from the ground,
Where stately oaks and poplars grow !

Meet me when the beetles hum
Falls sweetly on th' enraptur'd ear ;
When timid hare doth homewards run,
And rippling brooks with music cheer !

Meet me when the golden corn
Is rustling with the ev'ning breeze ;
When silent is the hunter's horn,
And slumb'ring are the weary bees !

Meet me when the sable crow
Is flitting to its eyry nest ;
When gentle zephyrs murm'ring low,
Steal o'er the soul and soothe the breast !

Meet me when the evening star
Is glimmering in the silver sky ;
When distant echoes from afar,
Upon the breeze come riding by !

O, lovely twilight ! gentle hour !
Sweet peace is wafted on thy wings !
When sorrow's clouds around us low'r,
'Tis thou that sooth'st the bitter stings !

THE SEA IS ROARING.

The sea is roaring—
The loud tempest 's broke !
Dark clouds are low'ring—
The stormy god's awoke !
Huge billows rise,
And headlong fall,
With deaf'ning noise
Our hearts appal.

The petrel utters its boding cries,
Rejoicing in the storm—
The dolphin thro' the water flies
With sides like golden morn.
And the monstrous whale is heaving the wave,
And Neptune springs up from his crystalline cave!
Our bark is bending
'Neath the thund'ring blast,
Our sails are rending
On the trembling mast.
The lightning's flash
Does fiercely fly—
The thunder's crash
Peals thro' the sky.
The petrel utters its boding cries,
Rejoicing in the storm—
The dolphin thro' the water flies.
With sides like golden morn,
And the monstrous whale is heaving the wave,
And Neptune springs up from his crystalline cave!

COME WHERE THE WHITE BILLOWS FEATHERY TOPS.

Come where the white billows feathery tops
Are washing the rich coral beds;
Where cormorants scream on the tang-cover'd rocks,
And sea flow'rets rear their pale heads.
Where the glist'ning pearls,
'Neath light wavelets green,
Shine sweetly away
The bright shells between,
Reflecting the glory which rests on the stream
From the golden beam, from the golden beam
Of the glorious—glorious sun!
Which thro' the bright concave of heav'n doth run,
Rejoicing! rejoicing! rejoicing!
And smiling away on the world below,
And tinging the deep with his amber glow.
The sighing gale
From gentle west,
Shall fill our sail;
The waves we'll breast,
And sweetly glide over their silvery crest.

Come ! maiden dear, and taste the bliss,
The joys that spring from scenes like this.
Come ! let us stray,
Far, far away,
Where dolphins play,
With golden ray
Deep shining on their sides,
As swiftly they
So eagerly
Pursue their prey
To distance gray,
Thro' wild contending tides.
The sea-birds in flocks
With bosoms of white,
Will skim round the rocks'
Tall spiring height,
And murmur, and murmur, and murmur away
Their soothing and plaintive melody :
And wafted o'er
From distant land,
Sweet strains shall pour
In echoes grand,
And sweetly sail upon the zephyr bland.

Come, where the white billows feathery tops
Are washing the rich coral beds;
Where cormorants scream on the tang-covered rocks,
And sea-flow'rets rear their pale heads.
Come! maiden dear, and taste the bliss,
The joys that spring from scenes like this!

THE FISHES DELIGHT IN THE WIDE SPARKLING SEA.

The fishes delight in the wide sparkling sea
When rude winds are hush'd and the bright beam is glowing;
The petrel delights 'neath the tempest to be
When thunder peals rattle and Boreas is blowing;
The goldfinch delights in the thick shaded dell;
The skylark in heaven's wide glorious ceiling;
The wild bee delights in the sweet honied bell,
And owlets rejoice when away light is stealing.
But Emma brings delight to me
'Bove all this world can give—
O, lassie, I could die for thee!
For thee I only live!

The rich-tinted trout takes delight in the stream;
The heron delights where the bullrush is leaning;
The eagle is fond of the sun's dazzling beam,
Which thro' the high concave of heaven is streaming;
The linnet is fond of the fern-covered plains;
The black cocks rejoice 'neath the wild heather blossom;
The hermit delights when the lone midnight reigns,
And dense sable clouds kiss the moon's silv'ry bosom.
But Emma brings delight to me
'Bove all this world can give—
O, lassie I could die for thee!
For thee I only live!

CAPTURE OF A VESSEL.

The curling ocean on its bosom bears
Two hostile ships, whose echoing guns proclaim,
With horrible import, a deadly strife.
The mighty waters rock, and tremble;
Boiling, foaming, reverberating back
The thundering roar; disturbing Neptune,
Monarch of the wave, who on a coral rock
Stands statue-like, viewing, with unruffl'd brow,
His bold empire made a scene of slaughter.

Now the final struggle ! obscur'd, and veil'd
With dense and dusky smoke ; whilst thro' the gloom,
At intervals, the cannons vomit forth
Their desolating vengeance. Destruction,
Gaunt and haggard, with overwhelming strength,
Sweeping, crashing all before, feeds and gluts
Without control upon the human race.
The elements are aw'd, and seem abash'd :
The fury of the contest stills the deep,
And rushing winds have sunk and died away
In low, sad murmurs. The vessel's captur'd !
Now streaming colours float upon the breeze,
And cheers of victory thro' the heavens
Exulting ring. The pressing sails expand
Their swelling breasts, and bear away, before
The gale triumphant, their majestic prize.

THE SABLE ROOK FLIES TO ITS NEST.

The sable rook flies to its nest,
The night is closing fast;
The sun sinks in the ocean's breast,
His last faint ray is cast;
The ev'ning star gleams in the sky,
The moon is faintly seen,
And I on Cupid's wings must fly
To meet my charming Jane.
My love's like a star,
So lovely and bright,
That's shining afar
With heavenly light!
She's sweet as eglantine,
And blithe as laughing May!
That I could call her mine!
She's stole my heart away!
She's pure as a flow'r
That's beauteous and sweet,
That decks the green bow'r
Where fond lovers meet!

Behind yon dark and lofty hills
This lovely maiden dwells,
'Mongst waterfalls and limpid rills
Green groves and flow'ring dells;
But she's the sweetest flow'ret there!
She's stole my tender heart!
So meek, so innocent, and fair!
With her I ne'er will part!
My love's like a star,
So lovely and bright,
That's shining afar
With heavenly light!
She's sweet as eglantine,
And blithe as laughing May!
That I could call her mine!
She's stole my heart away!
She's pure as a flow'r
That's beauteous and sweet,
That decks the green bow'r
Where fond lovers meet!

STANZAS.

High o'er the tops of Cambria's hills
The gleaming moon was riding high,
Casting her ray on glist'ning rills
Which sweetly sang their lullaby;
The deep blue heav'n was spangl'd o'er
With hosts of glitt'ring starlets bright,
The water lav'd the Mersey's shore
And sparkl'd 'neath the silver light.

The plashing of the distant oar
Came sweetly on the gentle gale,
The sea bird skim'd the rocky shore
And cast around its mournful wail;
Beneath the fern did heathcock's rest;
The stock dove deep was in the bow'r;
The lark reposed within its nest,
O'er which reclined the dewy flow'r.

When I espied beneath a tree,
By waning moon's faint, trembling light,
A maiden in despondency,
Clad in a robe of tatter'd white;
And O! she seem'd oppress'd with care!
The scalding tear ran down her cheek
And sparkl'd on her bosom fair,
Which heav'd as if her heart would break.

She told her griefs unto the moon—
She sigh'd for days now gone and past—
Her joys were transient.—O! how soon
Despair's dark robe was o'er her cast!
A villain broke her virgin heart!
Blasted the peace of all that's good!
She gave one wild, convulsive start,
Then headlong plung'd into the flood.

LAUGHING STREAMLET.

Laughing streamlet,
Laughing streamlet,
Gliding thro' the shaded dell,
Play thy music,
Play thy music,
Joyfully thy gladness tell.
Crimson roses,
Crimson roses,
Expand your beauteous dew-bespangled flow'rs,
Cast forth your fragrance on the balmy air,
Impregnate with your sweets this silent bow'r,
For here anon sweet Barbara will repair.
That maiden sweet,
So mild and meek,
With eyes more brilliant than the dew,
Whose glowing blush
Exceeds the flush
That mixes with the morning blue,
When daylight is breaking,
When Phœbus is peeping,

And tinging the peaks of the far distant hills,
When pale moon's declining,
When green lawns are shining,
And murmurs of gladness creep forth from the rills.
She's sweeter than the modest lily!
Purer than the star of love,
Blithesome as the lark of heaven,
Soaring thro' the clouds above!
Warbling songsters of the forest
Quickly fly to this retreat,
Chant your dearest, tend'rest, music
To enchant this maiden sweet.
Slender willows,
Slender willows,
Playing in the zephyr mild;
Stately beeches,
Stately beeches,
Skirting the untrodden wild—
Rejoice, rejoice, for 'neath your foliage
A lovely nymph will talk of love,
Unseen, beneath your shade she'll wander,
And through your deep recesses rove.

DAWN.

O, EARLY morn,
  Bright, fair, and gay!
To view thy dawn
  I take my way;

When fresh'ning breeze
  From mountain borne
Plays thro' the trees
  And waves the corn.

When orb of day
  Just gilds the sky,
And turns pale gray
  To orange die.

When streaks of red
  With lustre glow,
And kiss the bed
  Of ocean low,

Tingeing the hills
With yellow light,
And tinkling rills,
And rivers bright.

When in the bow'rs,
The turtle dove
Its sweet note pours
Of tender love.

When larks mount high
And loudly sing
Sweet melody,
On flutt'ring wing;

And birds in droves,
Blithe, full of glee,
Chant from the groves
Their harmony.

All's bright and fair
And fraught with mirth!
Away flies care
At morning's birth!

HOW I LOVE THE SILVER SEA.

How I love the silver sea !
How I love the silver sea !
On its bright dilucid wave to sail,
Before the gentle whisp'ring gale,
And hear the sea birds' plaintive wail,
From vile confinement free ;
From vile confinement free.

How I love the sea's blue breast !
How I love the sea's blue breast !
To see the water sweep along,
Hear its plashing, gurgling song ;
To see the little cloudlets throng
On breezes from the west,
On breezes from the west.

How I love to mark the tide !
How I love to mark the tide !
Burst and break and hoarsely roar,
And rush with fury to the shore,
And see the restless billows soar
In myriads far and wide,
In myriads far and wide.

How I love the raging storm !
How I love the raging storm !
To see the pointed lightnings flash—
To hear the rattling thunders crash—
To hear the mighty waters dash,
On howling Boreas borne,
On howling Boreas borne.

STANZAS.

Spring, lovely flow'rs !
Flow, streamlets, flow !
Bloom, honied bow'rs !
Glow, roses, glow !
Spread forth your beauties ! I with you must part !
Sweet, lovely emblems of innocence and joy !
Despair's dark mantle's wrapt about my heart—
Ye charm me not ! I heedless pass ye by !

Sing, warbling thrush !
Sigh, breezes, sigh !
Blow, hawthorn bush !
Sweet larks mount high !

Make the wild woodlands ring with melody,
Sweet rural minstrelsy, and joyous mirth;
Strike happy buoyant hearts with ecstacy,
Ye charm not where despondency has birth!

Wave, golden corn!
Come, breath of spring!
Creep, rosy morn
On zephyr's wing!
Blow, ye sweet breezes, from the upland hill!
Glow, streaks of red, bright heralders of day!
Clear bubbling fountain, and complaining rill,
From your sweet music I now turn away!

Wave, hoary woods
Beneath the blast!
Sweep, foaming floods!
Fall, torrents, fast!
Cataracts, resound! echo in the caves!
Let your swift waters madly boil and roar—
Come, onward roll, ye wild impetuous waves,
And thunder loudly on the rocky shore;
Sweet nature's works will never charm me more!

HUMAN LIFE.

How like the transient day is human life!
Whose course resembles more or less the fate
Of frail mankind; for when the light first breaks
Then falls the fleeting robe of sable night,
And shows the bashful morn with crimson blush,
Or when the new-born rays scarce penetrate
The thick and misty veil of dusky clouds
Which screen'd the glowing face of morning's queen;
So dawns the transient life of mortal man
In gloom or brightness. Like the growing day
He's nurs'd with songs of merriment and joy,
And like the rising sun he gathers strength,
And journeys on. How like the ills of life
The passing clouds which lower and screen awhile
The beams of light! for oft before the noon,
Or when noon comes, a shady mantle 's spread,
O'erclouding nature's brow with dropping tears,
Which damps the brilliant glories of the day—

How like adversity!—but when the sun
Who struggling thro' the mist, at times o'ercast,
Then faintly seen—at length the vapours part
And bursting forth with dazzling splendour
The golden orb appears, dispersing soon
His fleeting, watery foes: so virtue shines,
Which may be veil'd, but will at last surmount
And triumph o'er its darkest enemies.
Thus day and life fly on in light or shade.
How oft a cloudless morn without a speck,
To sully o'er the bright cerulean blue,
Has terminated in a cheerless eve.
How oft a clouded morn without a song,
Or ray to cheer, how oft the fickle winds
Have turn'd and chang'd and made the day serene.
So sinks the sun and life in gloom or brightness.

TO A SNOWDROP.

O, PRETTY, little, modest flow'r,
That peep'st above the glist'ning snow,
'Tis thou who cheer'st bleak winter's hour
When other flow'rets cease to grow !

When piercing hail and drifting snow
Are driving o'er the sterile plain,
In virgin beauty thou dost blow,
Regardless of the sleet and rain.

When all is dismal, bleak, and bare,
'Tis thou who charm'st the aching eyes,
And lifts thy tiny blossoms fair,
When tempests sweep athwart the skies.

When blust'ring winds lay huge trees low,
And dreary forests loudly roar,
In solitude thy light bells blow,
And on the gale their sweetness pour.

The rose, the lily, and the pink
  Are lovely, beautiful, and fair ;
But they before thee lowly sink,
  Thou blossom'st when the fields are bare !

O, little, modest, gentle flower,
  How do I love thy drooping head !
Thou'rt sweeter far than woodbine bower,
  Or painted tulips' gaudy bed !

How solitary dost thou seem !
  All's dead and fallen to decay,
Save the dark-leaved evergreen
  Whose berries in the rude wind play.

No birds are warbling in the trees,
  No cuckoo sings its cheerful song,
No golden corn, nor fragrant peas,
  Nor tiny lambs the flowers among.

No milk-white daisies now are seen,
  No cowslip rears its shining head ;
No tow'ring beans creep up between
  The honeysuckle's odourous bed.

But gory raven's dismal call
  Is heard to float upon the blasts,
And mopeing owl in ivied wall
  Its melancholy cadence casts.

The little songsters, that were seen
  In summer days so full of glee,
Now drag their drooping wings, and seem
  To pine away in misery.

There 's naught that's green in this bleak bow'r,
  Nor aught that can relieve the sight,
Save thee, thou sweet and lovely flow'r,
  With hanging head of spotless white!

O, little, modest, gentle flow'r,
  How do I love thy drooping head!
Thou 'rt sweeter far than woodbine bow'r
  Or painted tulips' gaudy bed!

HUNTING SONG.

(FROM THE AUTHOR'S TRAGEDY OF THE SPANIARD.)

WITH pleasure the huntsman surveys the pale morning,
Ere warm beams of Phœbus dispel the bright dew,
As mounting his horse wild and snorting before him,
As eager as him the grim wolf to pursue!
O, these are the sports that enliven existence!
Which kings in their grandeur deign'd not to refuse;
When cry of the stag hounds is heard in the distance,
What exquisite joys to our bosoms infuse!
Delighted flew to the bugle's blast
The ancient kings of old,
With noble warriors of the past
And sturdy barons bold,
To the echoing sound of the bounding troop,
To the echoing sound of the bounding troop,
Which onward, onward, roll'd,
Which onward, onward, roll'd.

When dark clouds of winter are floating around us,
Or summer's sweet breath o'er the green meadows play ;
The bugle's deep sound with its rich windings cheer us,
As we follow the stag ere the morning is gray.
O, these are the sports that enliven existence !
Which kings in their grandeur deign'd not to refuse.
When cry of the stag hounds is heard in the distance,
What exquisite joys to our bosoms infuse !
Delighted flew to the bugle's blast
The ancient kings of old,
With noble warriors of the past
And sturdy barons bold,
To the echoing sound of the bounding troop,
To the echoing sound of the bounding troop,
Which onward, onward, roll'd,
Which onward, onward, roll'd.

The huge rocks and valleys re-echo the clamour,
As the hunters' loud blasts thro' the dark caverns roar,
Whilst from the dense forest now rising before us,
With bristles erected, out springs the wild boar.
O, these are the sports that enliven existence !
Which kings in their grandeur deign'd not to refuse.
When cry of the stag hounds is heard in the distance,
What exquisite joys to our bosoms infuse !

Delighted flew to the bugle's blast
The ancient kings of old,
With noble warriors of the past
And sturdy barons bold,
To the echoing sound of the bounding troop,
To the echoing sound of the bounding troop,
Which onward, onward, roll'd,
Which onward, onward, roll'd.

When gloom of the ev'ning is hanging around us,
And night's heavy mantle make things look forlorn,
Reluctant at parting, we bend our way homewards,
Till shades of the twilight give way to the morn.
O, these are the sports that enliven existence!
Which kings in their grandeur deign'd not to refuse.
When cry of the stag hounds is heard in the distance,
What exquisite joys to our bosoms infuse!
Delighted flew to the bugle's blast
The ancient kings of old,
With noble warriors of the past
And sturdy barons bold,
To the echoing sound of the bounding troop,
To the echoing sound of the bounding troop,
Which onward, onward, roll'd,
Which onward, onward, roll'd.

FAREWELL.

Bright flow'ry dales—
Dim lonely vales—
Wide spacious lawns—
Light sporting fawns—
Dark rustling wood
Where flow'rets bud
Unseen by all;
Where owlets call,
Where falls resound
In echoes round
And madly pour
With deaf'ning roar;
Where dark firs rise
Unto the skies
And beeches throw
Their arms below,
And 'neath the shade,
In lonely glade,
The violet flow'r
Does sweetly pour

Its honied smell
O'er crystal well.
Mild, gentle dove,
With call of love—
Wild humming bee—
Sweet hawthorn tree—
Ye willows fine
That low recline
O'er limbic lake,
And music wake
When zephyrs sigh
And murmur nigh.
Ye roses wild,
So sweet and mild,
With modest look
In tangled nook.
Ye woodcocks shy
That wildly fly—
Swift speckl'd snipe
With wailing pipe
In gurgling rill
'Neath purple hill,
Where primrose pale
Waves in the gale,

And daisies white,
Lucid and bright,
With dewy globes
Cast o'er their robes,
Like diamond glow
On purest snow.
Ye eglantines
And sweet woodbines—
Ye chesnut trees
And scented peas—
Ye lambkins gay
That blithely play
O'er herbage green,
'Neath leafy screen.
Ye hares that shun
And swiftly run
From cruel men
To tangled fen,
And creep at night,
'Neath trembling light,
From moon in wane
Thro' fields of grain.
Ye rabbits gray
That frisk and play

And nip the grass
As by ye pass,
Then quickly fly,
When danger's nigh,
To holes hard by
And safely lie.
Ye Cambrian hills—
Bright streams and rills
Where pewets cry
And herons fly.
Old Mersey's shore
Where seagulls soar;
Where torrents pour
And billows roar,
Farewell! I now with ye must part!
And friendless stray from all that's dear;
The bitter thought nigh breaks my heart!
Despondency is hov'ring near!

THE SLAVE'S SOLILOQUY.

WHAT have I done that I must thus be forced
From all the ties which I on earth hold dear?
From home and country! from those happy scenes
Which wrap about my soul, as ivy stems
Enclose the stately monarch of the wood!
To leave for aye the land that gave me birth!
The stately ceders and the clust'ring palms;
The rustl'ing mangroves and the purple vines;
The winding lakes and boiling cataracts,
And all the beauties of my native land!
What has the negro done to be thus doom'd
To spend his days in vile captivity?
O, white men! white men! why your souls oppress
With wickedness so black and foul as this?
Of all the crimes which stain the human race
There is not one beneath high heav'ns concave
So harrowing to the feelings of the just.
Ah! little think ye of the bitter pangs
Which rend the negro's lacerated heart,
When he's compell'd to leave his kindred dear,
To spend his youthful prime in foreign soil,
Far, far from all he held most dear on earth,
And waste his strength in toil and misery.

Do ye then think, because we cannot boast
A lily skin and graceful flowing hair,
That we were form'd by the all-bounteous God
To be your slaves, and treated worse than dogs
Or beasts of burden? No, no, ye white men!
Blacks can boast a soul! they have their passions,
And can love and hate, and have been known
In kindness to surpass their pale-faced brethren.
But tho' the harsh and rattl'ing chain of sin
Enclose us fast within its iron gripe,
Our souls are free as whistl'ing gusts of wind
That sweep across the blue Atlantic wave.

COME WITH ME, MY PRETTY KATHARINE.

Come with me, my pretty Katharine,
To yonder shady grove!
Come with me, my pretty Katharine,
To yonder shady grove!
The little violet's springing there
Beneath the clust'ring trees,
And warbling songsters free from care
Are singing with the bees.

All's lovely as thyself, my dear,
In that enchanting grove!
All's lovely as thyself, my dear,
In that enchanting grove!
The sparkling streamlets gently glide
With music mild and sweet,
Beside the tangled copses side
The spacious lake to meet.

There nature's lovely self thou'lt see
In all her wildest grace—
There nature's lovely self thou'lt see
In all her wildest grace:
Bright silver moths and butterflies,
And little tiny wrens,
And stock doves with their mournful cries
In solitary glens.

There thou wilt see the gossamer
Light floating in the wind—
There thou wilt see the gossamer
Light floating in the wind;
And catch the fragrant balmy breeze,
And cull the blooming flow'r,
And walk beneath the rustling trees
At lovely twilight hour.

Come with me, my pretty Katharine,
To yonder shady grove!
Come with me, my pretty Katharine,
To yonder shady grove!
Thou'rt lovelier far than all that's there!
Thou'rt sweeter than the flow'rs!
Thou'rt purer than the lily fair
When wet with glistening show'rs!

SWEET MAID.

Sweet maid! sweet maid! by all that's holy!
If ever I prove false to thee,
Or cause one pang to sting that bosom,
May direst vengeance wait on me!
For thou art purer than the streamlet
That gurgles thro' the flow'ry dell,
More lovely than the silver brightness
That lines the pearly Indian shell!

The billow 'mongst the crystal breaking
Encircled round with glitt'ring spray;
The amber 'mongst the coral glist'ning,
When glowing beams in beauty play;

The water pearl that shines so sweetly
Within the bosom of the sea;
Are naught, are naught, thou lovely maiden!
To those bright charms that smile in thee!

The downy cloud thro' ether sailing
Upon the singing, balmy breeze;
The modest linnet sweetly singing
Amongst the dew-bespangled trees;
The woodlark, dearest of the warblers,
That lovest in solitude to be,
Are naught, are naught, thou lovely maiden!
To those sweet charms that smile in thee!

'TIS SILENT EVE.

'Tis silent eve,
'Tis silent eve,
And misty twilight's spreading o'er the land;
Clausina's ray
Is glimm'ring thro'
The sinking day,
And clouds of blue
Repose in peace, and hang in clusters grand.
Sweet tranquil eve! sweet tranquil eve!
To thee I sing—sweet tranquil eve!

The velvet bat,
The velvet bat,
Is darting thro' the dense and tow'ring trees,
And far away,
O'er yon gray shore,
The moon beams play,
And sweetly pour
Wan, pallid light upon the distant seas.
Sweet tranquil eve! sweet tranquil eve!
To thee I sing—sweet tranquil eve!

DESCRIPTION OF A BATTLE.

'Tis solemn midnight! and pale Cynthia's light
Falls on the sleeping hosts of steel-clad men,
Waiting until the morning breaks, again
To fly impetuous to the bloody fight,

And meet their haughty foemen hand to hand,
Each burning with revenge and madd'ning rage;
Eager as lions the fell war to wage,
And soak with reeking gore the fertile land.

They dream of helmets, swords, and blood-stain'd spears;
Of bitter yells, and horrid dying groans;
Of hairless sculls and soldiers' whit'ning bones
Strew'd on the turf, the relics of past years.

Now growls the wolf within the forests gloom,
Anticipating with bright fiery eye
To-morrow's dawn, when noble men must die,
Who fly to heav'n to meet their final doom.

The soaking dew falls heavy on the plain ;
The keen night wind is moaning sad and low,
Sweeping o'er heads of men extended low,
And waning moon is finishing her reign.

Now darkness hovers round, and not a sound
Disturbs the awful stillness, save the cry
Of watchful sentinels, far off, and nigh,
Whose deep-toned cadence echoeth around.

The leaders watch, with wild and anxious eye,
The pale gray light that's quivering afar ;
They see with joy the brilliant morning star,
A sign that day is fast approaching nigh.

Now mandates loud are pass'd quick up and down,
And neighing steeds and hurried shouts are heard ;
On ! on ! brave men ! to battle, is the word,
And fight for glorious honour and renown !

As the fierce tide sweeps o'er the Solway sands,
Foaming and roaring, white with glist'ning spray,
They headlong rush like lions to their prey ;
Man grapples man, and bands engage with bands.

Now deaf'ning shouts and hollow groans arise,
From wounded men stretch'd on the smoking ground,
And gory vultures hover round and round,
'Midst curling smoke fast rising to the skies.

The whisker'd horsemen sweep across the plain,
Waving their claymores o'er their steel-clad head;
Trampling o'er groaning soldiers not yet dead;
With living gore their chargers' hoofs they stain,

And gallop forward eager to the fight,
Smiling at death, yet yearning to destroy;
With kindling wrath they at each other fly,
With deadly blows dealt out with giant might.

Confusion reigns! and quick the vanquish'd fly
Before their conqu'ring foes like drifting sand;
Scattering wide o'er all the neighbouring land,
Leaving their comrades on the field to die.

The dusky smoke which hid bright Phœbus' light
Now disappears and mixes with the air,
Leaving the awful field of battle bare,
With all its horrors dreadful to the sight.

What heaps of mangled corses here abound!
O! sight of misery! horrible and dire!
Heavy and dull are eyes which once were fire!
And gloomy desolation reigns around.

No sound is heard save dying soldiers' groans,
And croaking ravens fighting o'er the dead,
Tearing the eyes from out the naked head,
And leaving bare the white and shining bones.

Now droves of wolves are stealing from the trees,
Rending and mangling the slaughter'd brave
Who lay exposed (forbidden e'en a grave)
To be devour'd by monsters such as these.

The sinking sun casts forth his yellow ray,
And shines resplendent on the horrid scene,
(So quiet now where fiercest strife had been,)
Then disappears behind the mountains gray.

Ye kings! who are the cause of hated war,
Who, for ambition, trifle, gain, or fear,
Make fiery Mars extend his slaught'ring spear—
Beware! beware! ye've much to answer for!

MORNING.

The morning breaks !
And the green meadows, bright with blushing flow'rs,
Emit their rich perfume. The early crows,
With slow and steady pace, leave their high nests,
And for their young ones cater. The mushrooms
Glist'ning with dew peep from their grassy beds,
And the loud skylark wings its way to heaven.
Rich woodbines, thro' hawthorn hedges twining,
Diffuse their sweetness on the gentle breeze ;
And ever and anon the hunter's horn
Comes riding on the blast from distant hills.
O ! beauteous, lovely morning !

NOONDAY.

The brilliant sun,
With dazzling splendour, casts his glowing beam
Upon the verdant fields! The waving corn,
With well-filled ears, raise up their stately heads,
And cheer the heart of man with hopes of plenty.
The melodious strains of joyous birds
Sound sweetly from the deep embow'ring woods;
The spider's wave floats on the balmy air;
The pearly clouds are sailing thro' the sky;
The sprightly grasshopper with merry pipe
Is chirping all around, and joins his notes
In sweetest harmony. At intervals
The sound of distant breakers on the shore,
In soft, low murmurs steal upon the ear.
O! rich, and glorious noonday!

EVENING.

Now the sun,
Which shone resplendent all the live long day,
Hath sunk behind the western hills, and tinged
With amber beam the ocean's gurgl'ing wave,
Leaving all nature to repose in peace;
The dewy mists upon the lowlands fall
In imperceptible, increasing drops;
The sun-burnt husbandman now leaves the fields,
And bends his footsteps to his peaceful home;
The robin cheers us with his pensive song,
And drops into his warm and downy nest,
Low 'neath the cover of the velvet moss;
Whilst solitary brooks, in murmurs sweet,
Waft forth their music on the whisp'ring breeze,
And fill the soul with ecstacy divine.
O! gentle, tranquil evening!

THE STARS ARE BRIGHT.

The stars are bright—
Come, let's away!
The clouds of white
In moonbeams play,
And balmy zephyrs gently sigh
And ripple o'er the dark blue waves;
And timid sea birds' wailful cry
Responds within the hollow caves.
So come, pretty maiden, to yon little ark,
Let us glide o'er the silent stream;
'Tis pleasant upon the light wave to embark
'Neath silvery moon's modest beam!
And whisper of love when all 's solemn and still,
Whilst the murmuring breeze our snowy sails fill,
And waft us so sweetly away,
And waft us so sweetly away.

The cheering song
Of distant rower
Will creep along
The water o'er;
And music of the dipping oar
And breaking of the distant sea,
And sweetest echoes from the shore
Will charm thy heart to ecstacy.
So come, pretty maiden to yon little ark,
Let us glide o'er the silent stream;
'Tis pleasant upon the light wave to embark
'Neath silvery moon's modest beam!
And whisper of love when all 's solemn and still,
Whilst the murmuring breeze our snowy sails fill,
And waft us so sweetly away,
And waft us so sweetly away.

STANZAS.

O, MELLOW and gay
Is the blackbird's note,
When night's flown away
And morning's awoke!

Sweet is the primrose
O'erhanging the rill!
Sweetly the zephyr blows
Down the green hill!

Sweet are the bowers
Where jessamines grow!
Sweet the wild flowers
In solitude low!

And sweet the rich song
Of the soaring lark,
As floating along
O'er moorland and park!

And sweet to the ear
Is lowing of kine
When May flow'rs appear
And verdant lawns shine!
But sweeter is the winning smile
That plays upon my Emma's face!
It does my tender heart beguile
And sorrow from my bosom chase!

THE EAGLE.

Bird of the heavens high !
Far in the boundless sky—
To what distant region art winging thy flight ?
Thro' the clouds dark and drear
Thou quickly dart'st, void of fear,
Till thy fading form disappears from the sight.

Thy piercing glance mark'st the sun,
O'er the dense cloudlets dun ;
Whose brilliant beams never dazzle thy eyes,
Thou spreadst thy huge glossy wings,
In the air fearless springs,
And wing'st thy lone way thro' the silvery skies.

Thou see'st the bright rainbow form ;
See'st the first tint of morn ;
Catchest the first glimpse of Phœbus' bright face ;
Flit'st thro' the frothy cloud ;
Hearest the whirlwind loud ;
O ! whither, O ! whither is thy resting place ?

When the dark veil of night
Screens the sun from thy sight,
On the high frowning peak thou seek'st thy repose;
There thou sit'st fearless,
'Midst barren rocks cheerless,
And heed'st not the bleak wind which round thy head blows.

Beneath thee the waters roar;
Huge billows lash the shore;
Headlong falls thunder down from the steep rocks;
The storm fast is waking!
The dark pines are shaking;
And on the night blast fly the sea birds in flocks.

Blue lightnings fiercely dart;
Terror strikes every heart!
The fowls of the air are scared from their nests;
There thou sit'st free from fear;
Look'st at the prospect drear,
And to the storm's fury exposest thy crest.

ADDRESS TO EMMA.

O ! LASSIE with the flaxen hair !
O ! lassie as the snow-drop fair !
O ! lassie with the laughing eye !
O ! thou hast caus'd me oft to sigh !
O ! thou art sweet as blushing rose,
That 'neath the morning sun beam glows !
Thy cheeks are richer than the die
That decks the beauteous eastern sky !
The little flow'rets as you pass
Lift up their heads above the grass,
And give their beauties to your view,
Their tender stems and heads of blue.
O ! thou art queen of all the flow'rs
That beautify the clust'ring bow'rs !
O ! lassie pure thou far excells
In modesty the heather bells !
The tiny birds around thee fly ;
The lapwing gives its plaintive cry ;
The little robin's pensive strain
Floats sweetly o'er the waving grain ;
The blackbird 'neath the dingle shade
Pours forth his song adown the glade ;

The throstle cock's sweet music swells
In harmony thro'out the dells;
The stock doves coo amongst the trees,
And humming are the forest bees;
The groves are rustl'ing in the gale;
The fawns are skipping down the dale;
The fountain's falling in the stream,
Curling the glist'ning water sheen,
And joining the dilucid rill
Which murmurs 'neath yon verdant hill—
To charm the sweet maid of my heart!
To charm the sweet maid of my heart!

STANZAS.

Why droops yon little flow'ret's head?
Why moans the wind, so sad and slow?
Why is the skylark's warbling dead?
Why are the ring-dove's coos so low?

Why is the brook which gurgled on
In wildest murmurs soft and sweet
Why is its rural music gone?
O! moaning now it seems to weep!

Why cries the owl from ivied bow'r?
Why croaks the raven from on high?
What makes the face of nature lower?
Why casts the sun a lurid die?

Why are the groves, which once were fraught
With lovely song—why are they still'd?
Those happy woods which oft I sought—
That once my breast with rapture fill'd!

'Tis over now!—not one small song
Floats on the air my soul to cheer,
But silence reigns their bow'rs among
And strikes the sinking heart with fear.

O! what makes smiling nature mourn?
Why droops the rose and heather bells?
Their lovely sister 's from them torn—
Sweet Emma 'neath the cypress dwells!

The purest flow'ret of the field
By cruel death is now laid low;
Not all her virtues could her shield!
Not all her sweetness ward the blow!

ELEGY.

O! BLOOMING sod, with blushing daisies deck'd,
And spangl'd o'er with sparkling dew-drops bright;
How oft upon thy glowing breast I've wept!
And spent the darksome, solitary night!

Beneath thee rests, in everlasting sleep,
A maiden sweeter than the breath of May!
The flow'rets hang their tiny heads and weep,
And drooping willows sorrow o'er her clay.

Oh! she was spotless as the mountain snow!
And pure as zephyr wafted from the hill!
Her blushing cheeks outvied the roses' glow!
Her voice was sweeter than the gurgling rill!

How oft with her I've wander'd in the grove,
And soft reclined on beds of verdure green;
And plighted vows of constancy and love,
Beneath the fragrant, flow'ry hawthorn screen.

How oft we've wander'd in the purple dell,
And mark'd in solitude the violet blue;
And drank the water from the crystal well,
Around whose sides the modest primrose grew.

But she is gone, and left this world of woes!
This gloomy vale, where all is cheerless night!
For brilliant scenes, where heavenly music flows,
To dwell with angels in the realms of light.

STANZAS.

Low'r, heavy cloud,
Your thunder pour
In echoes loud
Along the shore!
Groan forth your wrath, great sea! and madly rise;
Quick, onward fly before the sweeping blast;
Rise up, ye waters! kiss the hanging skies;
And thro' the air be flames of lightning cast!

Cry, ravens, cry !
Roar, forests drear !
Fly, owlets, fly !
Gloom, gloom, appear !
Spread forth your mantle o'er the verdant dale ;
Screen the blue violet, and the lily fair.
O, redbreast, stop thy melancholy wail !
You cheer me not, I'm writhing in despair !

Hiss, mucous snake,
You ease my soul ;
Wake, horrors, wake !
Howl, ban-dog, howl !
Thunders, respond in subterraneous mine !
Caverns, resound with harsh discordant sounds !
Vanish, great sun ! no more upon me shine !
Within my heart despondency abounds !
And my poor soul, a mantle dark surrounds !

DESCRIPTION OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

The night has vanish'd, and the peeping dawn
Creeps slowly o'er the distant, dusky hills;
No song is heard to herald the approach
Of just-born day. The sun has not yet shown
The curling stream his bright, reflecting face:
All is still! A pestilential vapour,
Foul, dense, and humid, rises like a cloud
From the damp and saturated marshes.
Thro' the mist, discolour'd, dark, and lurid,
The monarch of the morn appears, and casts
A feeble ray; struggling to dispel
The gloomy atmosphere, which impede and check
His vivifying beams, transform'd and chang'd
To fiery red, tinging the ocean o'er
With streams of fire. Nature seems to quake
'Neath some impending evil! Droves of beasts,
Who, seemingly distress'd, pace up and down
Their rich and verdant pastures. Birds are mute,
And hover thro' the air foreboding ill,
And shelter seek in thick and clust'ring trees.

Terror's depicted on the face of man !
For now the earth, foundation of his all,
Seems tottering 'neath some ponderous load ;
Rumbling and moaning like the distant sea.
Now from their habitations bursting forth,
The human tide sweeps on to vacant squares ;
Hoary-headed hills, adamantine rocks,
And lordly fabrics tremble to their base ;
Gloomy forests and mellifluent groves
Rock to and fro, and the stately cedars
Fall prostrate. Now their shatter'd fragments
Disappear, and sink within the gaping earth,
The tottering structures fall, ov'rwhelming
In their way the dissipating multitude.
Harsh peals of subterraneous thunder
Break forth at intervals, and lacerate
The gasping earth ; reverberating thro'
Its rent and shiver'd breast, which swelling high
Rolls on in fury inconceivable.
Sulphureous ashes, and rushing torrents,
Burst from the dark and retching orifice,
Inundating land, and making nature
One corrupted mass of vile deformity.
Those noble architectural works of man,

By aught save time were thought impregnable;
Now crashing tumble to their mother earth,
Whose yawning, ponderous jaws gape and gorge
The works of frail mankind. Desolation
On the wings of death, rushing o'er the head
Of fleeting life, its devastating tide
Bears all before, and grimy, gross, and bloated
With the human carnage, triumphant sits
Upon the blasted throne of gaunt destruction.
The groaning waters of the mighty deep,
Convulsed and agitated, foam, and boil,
And in terrific grandeur lift and raise
Their fleecy heads in elemental wrath,
Which unimpress'd by atmospheric aid,
Curl, roar, and gape, whirling in confusion,
Then meeting, dash and break. The vanquish'd wave,
Whose life expiring in the yawning gulf,
Dying, grumbles forth its watery vengeance,
Hoarse and frightful, on the tottering shore.

THE CURLEW SKIMS UPON THE AIR.

The curlew skims upon the air,
The gentle breeze blows softly by,
The lovely sky is clear and fair,
The waters sing their lullaby.
The distant hills of beauteous Wales
Are tinged with Sol's bright amber ray,
And distant passing snowy sails
Thro' crystal waters take their way.
Merrily, merrily, now we glide
Down hoary Mersey's rapid tide,
The sparkling waters round us play,
O'er us flies the glist'ning spray,
The wavelets lave our barges side
As quickly o'er their heads we ride,
And glide like fairies away!
And glide like fairies away!

The brilliant beams are on the stream,
Gilding it o'er with golden light;
And Cheshire's fields of lovely green
Are shining with their verdure bright.
Dark Eastham wood gleams in the sun,
And distant shores are drawing near,
Clear limpid streams that tinkling run,
Like liquid streaks of fire appear.
Merrily, merrily, now we glide
Down hoary Mersey's rapid tide;
The sparkling waters round us play;
O'er us flies the glist'ning spray;
The wavelets lave our barges side
As quickly o'er their heads we ride,
And glide like fairies away!
And glide like fairies away!

DESCRIPTION OF A SHIP CAST UPON A ROCK.

Our ship hath struck upon a sunken rock!
And like a stranded whale now helpless lies:
O'er the rent deck the breaking billow flies,
And round about the boding sea birds flock.

The water bursts upon the sterile shore;
No cheering sight illumes the dismal sky;
No sounds save those of hopeless misery,
Distinctly heard amidst the tempest's roar!

The wild wind howls and madly sweeps along;
The dreadful sea gapes wide and rolls about,
Joining its roar with sailors' hurried shout,
As they to bulwarks and to rigging throng.

The awful thunder bellows thro' the sky;
Drear darkness spreads the wide horizon round;
No ray of light in this dire waste is found,
Save the fierce flash which quickly flitteth by.

Our fates are sealed!—no gleam of hope is left!
We're doom'd to perish in the roaring deep!
And leave our lov'd, endearing friends to weep!
Of fathers, brothers, lovers now bereft!

The vessel's cleft in twain!—all's o'er! all's o'er!
Yon mighty wave will sweep us to the deep!
We're gone! we're gone! hark, hark, the horrid shriek!
O God, we sink! we sink, to rise no more!

DESCRIPTION OF A GIRL GATHERING WATER CRESS.

I saw her at the peep of early morn,
Just when the flowers expand their dewy heads
To catch the cheering rays of streaming light;
Gathering cresses from a purling brook
Which gurgled underneath a meadow's bank,
O'erspread with honied flowers of richest dies.
Her head was bare, and as the gentle breeze
Waved the bright ringlets of her nut-brown hair,
Exposed her graceful neck and heaving breast,
As white and pure as flakes of mountain snow.
Her eyes were as the glist'ning sloes which graced
The tangled margin of the singing stream,
And in them shone such innocence and love,
That at the first glance they had stole my heart.
Her petticoat was tuck'd nigh to her knee,
And show'd a leg that would have made a king,
Tho' a dark tyrant fell as grisly wolf,
Fall prostrate to the earth with adoration.
She seem'd the goddess of the beauteous morn!

And as she stoop'd to pick the shining cress
Out of the bosom of the limpid stream,
Wild strawberries hung down and kiss'd her cheeks,
(Which glow'd like damask roses wet with dew,)
As if in homage to superior charms.
The birds sang louder as the nymph approach'd,
And melody resounded thro' the bowers;
The little lambkins skipp'd across the lawn,
And look'd into her face of joy and love,
And play'd and gambol'd on the streamlet's side.

THOU LITTLE SMILING ANGEL FAIR.

Thou little smiling angel fair!
Qneen of beauty! queen of beauty!
Thou little smiling angel fair!
'Tis thou who'st stole my heart, O!
Thou'rt fairer than the dewy flow'r!
Thou'rt sweeter than the hawthorn bow'r!
O, Cupid fell! I own thy pow'r!
I feel thy magic dart, O!

Thy laughing eyes like gems appear !
So clear and bright, so clear and bright ;
Thy laughing eyes like gems appear !
They do my heart console, O !
Thou'rt purer than the daisy white !
Thou'rt like the op'ning morning bright !
O, lovely maid you cheer my sight !
And fascinate my soul, O !

My days I'd like to pass with thee
In tender love, in tender love ;
My days I'd like to pass with thee,
And never more to leave thee, O !
No danger should approach thee nigh ;
Dark care and grief away should fly ;
I'd love thee till the day I die !
And naught should come to grieve thee, O !

THE VALUE OF TIME.

Each fleeting day that time wheels o'er our heads,
Tho' heeded not, leads on with rapid pace,
And urges thro' the furrow'd stream of life.
A few short hours and we no more will join
The busy scenes of earth, where once we trod;
Nor contemplate the ever shining orbs,
Nor nature's lovely works that decorate
And beautify the transient paths of man.
Behold the bright and everlasting sun
That rises o'er th' innumerable dead!
They like us have felt its genial warmth,
And oft, beneath the vivifying beams,
Have join'd in songs of merriment and mirth,
But now alas! insensible and cold:
No more the crimson flush of blushing morn,
Nor golden rays shot o'er the eastern hills,
Awaking joy and melody, shall pierce
The gloomy habitations of the dead.
Matchless time, unbiass'd by distinction,
Each man inherits from all bounteous God,

His birthright portion ; not all the riches
Of the glitt'ring world, not e'en the monarchs
Who on their elevated thrones of pomp,
Surrounded by a host of flatterers,
Can ward off death's inevitable blow,
Nor purchase by their pow'r, nor heaps of wealth,
A moment of inestimable time.
When life draws near the close, and we look back
And to our recollection summon forth
The rapid flight of lost and gone-by years,
We oft in foolish lamentations lose
The last remaining remnant of our lives.
Then whilst we live, let us not live in vain !
Not like those fools who on to-morrow's back
Place their good deeds, and lose the present hour,
For very, very soon we shall be laid
Where sun's sweet light, nor breath of fragrant spring
Shall penetrate our dark and cheerless couch.
But what of that if we our time have spent
In working good? for tho' the earth has closed,
And wrapt us in its cold and breathless bosom,
Our virtues live to all eternity.

STANZAS.

SLOWLY we bear away
To the grave's cheerless clay,
All that was good!
Tears start to every eye
As we are passing by,
A sorrowing flood!

To the pale cypress tree,
Sadly and mournfully,
Onward we go;
Past the rich flow'ry lea
Where she so oft with me
Plighted the vow.

Past the sweet prattling rill;
'Neath the bright purple hill;
By the sweet grove,
Where 'neath the trembling ray
The honied hours pass'd away
In tend'rest love.

O, she was kind and true !
Pure as the welkin blue
On spring morning mild !
Spotless as woodland flower,
'Neath the entangled bower,
Far in the wild !

Her blue eyes were full of love !
Gentle as turtle dove !
Lovely as morn !
Sweet as the zephyr's sigh
Murmuring softly by !
I'm now forlorn !

The flowers hang their shining heads
Low on the mossy beds,
Sorrowing and sad ;
The small birds in plaintive song
Pour their low notes along ;
No longer they 're glad.

All joy has fled from me !
Sorrow and misery

Have taken their birth !
Naught now 's remaining here—
All 's desolation drear
Thro' out the earth !

To the pale cypress tree,
Sadly and mournfully,
Onward we go ;
Moisten'd is every eye
As we are passing by,
Fast the tears flow.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER RAIN.

The shower's over, and the cheerful sun
Peeps thro' the humid clouds with bright'ning ray ;
They soon disperse and vanish far away,
Leaving him unobscured his course to run.

Shook by the gentle wind, the lofty trees
Discharge the water from their heavy tops,
Which glist'ning falls in bright and pearly drops,
And busy 'midst the flow'rs are humming bees.

The milk white mushrooms dripping with the rain,
Peep thro' the grass and sparkle in the sun,
And round about the sportive rabbits run,
Then disappear beneath the waving grain.

The wild, sweet music of the babbling stream
Is turn'd into a roar and onward glides,
Bending the flow'rs that deck its tangled sides
Low in its pure and crystal waters sheen.

The lovely primrose 'neath the hawthorn low
Now broken, from its kindred root must part,
Like the sweet maid, seduced by man's vile art,
Is left to pine in misery and wo.

The tow'ring foxglove rears its purple head,
Half overwhelm'd above the rolling brook,
Casting a scornful, proud, majestic look
In the relentless stream's deep roaring bed.

How like the man who all his life's been swept
Down fate's dark stream unheeded to the grave;
Awhile he stands, and frowning fortune braves,
Then sinks at last unpitied and unwept!

I LOVE TO HEAR THE LINNET SING.

I LOVE to hear the linnet sing
'Mongst waving wild fern green;
To mark the swallow dip its wing
And skim the crystal stream;
To hear the running water glide
Quick o'er the pebbly stones,
Prattling away to rivers wide
With fascinating tones.

I love to see the great sun rise
With splendour ever bright,
Gilding with gold the eastern skies
With cheering rays of light,
And see pale Cynthia's modest gleam
Shoot from the mountains high,
Tinging the dark clouds with her beam
That 's slowly passing by.

I love to see the glitt'ring star
Shine thro' night's mantle dark,
To see them die in mist afar
And from their stations dart;

But all these lovely things can't vie
With sweet Priscilla's form !
For this dear maid I'd freely die !
She 's sweeter than May morn !

O, GIVE TO ME THE HILL'S DARK BROW.

O, GIVE to me the hill's dark brow
When pines are harshly creeking,
Where blasted oaks and ashes grow,
Where kites their prey are seeking !
When mountain blast blows loud and shrill,
And boist'rous sea is roaring ;
When dense clouds hang upon the hill,
And wild birds high are soaring.

I love to hear the water pour
O'er dark rocks quickly gliding ;
To hear the groaning forests roar
The tempest loudly chiding,
And hear the awful thunder cloud
In heaven's high concave rolling,
Responding in deep caverns loud,
Where waves are hoarsely growling.

TO THE MOON.

O, GENTLE queen, that cheer'st the dreary night,
I love to wander 'neath thy modest rays !
How dear to me thy streaming, silver light,
For thou remind'st me of sweet by-gone days !

And, as I look on thy round, gleaming face,
Bright visions thicken round my teeming mind ;
In thy cold beams lost happiness I trace,
Now fled for ever, vanish'd like the wind,
And left corroding wo and misery behind !

THE STARS ARE RISING O'ER THE SEA.

THE stars are rising o'er the sea
With modest, twinkling ray—
Come ! maiden, wander forth with me
Where blithesome fairies play !
The glow-worm's light
Beams thro' the night ;

The moon's pale lamp is gleaming.
With wildsome lays
From water fays,
The balmy air is teeming.
Come! taste of pleasure without alloy,
Sweet maiden dear! my only joy!

We 'll talk of happiness and love,
Beside the gushing rill;
And wander 'neath the willow grove
At foot of yonder hill.
The world's at rest
In Morpheus' breast,
And of their sorrows dreaming;
So let's away
'Neath cheering ray,
Which from the heav'n is streaming.
Come! taste of pleasure without alloy,
Sweet maiden dear! my only joy!

'TIS PLEASANT TO SIT ON THE GREEN HILLOCK SIDE.

'Tis pleasant to sit on the green hillock side
And catch the pure breeze as it flies!
'Tis pleasant on bright sparkling waters to ride
And list to the curlew's wild cries!
'Tis pleasant to lie 'neath the green shady bow'rs,
Alongside of the murm'ring stream,
Where sweet scented shrubs and modest wild flowers
Hang over the pure water sheen!

O, 'tis pleasant to hear the skylark's rich note
Far, far in the blue heavens high!
And to mark the wild strains as sweetly they float
On the soft breezes gliding by,
And 'tis pleasant to hear the grasshopper cry
As he springs in the dewy grass!
And to see the swift rabbits come bounding by
To their holes in the wild morass.

'Tis pleasant to mark the bright evening star
Repose in the clear western sky,
Like a diamond bright in the heavens afar,
'Midst the cloudlets of amber die!
'Tis pleasant to stray when the moon's bright and clear,
Beneath the dark holly tree's screen,
And woo the young maiden that one loves so dear,
And kiss her sweet lips all unseen!

O, 'tis pleasant to join in the merry dance
With sweet pretty damosels fair,
And catch from some sweet one the kind loving glance
Which tells you that Cupid is there!
'Tis pleasant to be where the Rhenish goes round,
'Mongst beauteous ladies and knights,
And listen to mirth and gay minstrel's sound
As tuning his fanciful flights!

But give unto me the loud echoing cry
Which flies thro' the hot field of war,
When over the vanquish'd the banners wave high
And Mars is swift driving his car!
The blast of the trumpet, the neighing of steeds,
And triumph of warriors brave,
Where good oaken lances are bending like reeds—
'Tis glory—'tis glory, I crave!

SONNET.

My love 's like the dew
  Bespangling the flow'r !
Like pure sky of blue !
  Like rich woodbine bow'r !

Like bloom of the thorn
  So lovely and bright !
Like gleam of the morn
  With her crimson light !

Like sigh of the wood
  That's shook by the breeze !
Like the gliding flood
  Beneath clust'ring trees !

Like the downy cloud
  Skimming over the plain !
Like the whispers loud
  Of the rustling grain !

Like sweet woodland rose
That decks the wild dell,
Where clear streamlet flows
With musical swell!

Like star of the eve
That 's kissing the sea!
Like gossamer wave
Round flowering tree!

Like the fairy queen,
Dress'd in ethery blue,
Skipping over the green
That sparkles with dew!

Lovely maiden of the mountain!
Sweeter than the honied flower!
Purer than the gushing fountain!
O! I have felt thy witching power!

STORM.

How gloomy, desolate, and drear is all !
No ray is seen in this vast wilderness
Of louring cloud and wave, save one bright speck,
Thro' which stern Boreas spits his sweeping wrath.
Majestic waves, like huge and mighty hills,
Roll up and down; their boiling spumous heads
Kiss the skies now heavy with humidity,
And throw their waters o'er the hanging vapours.
The sunken rocks, some forty fathoms deep,
Which lay for years beneath the glassy sea,
Show their summits, black with antiquity,
And shake their hanging locks of tangled weed,
Cover'd o'er with shells and sparkling bright with gems,
At th' howling wind which rages o'er the waste,
But only for a transient moment feel
The sweeping blast, the vast returning swell
Comes rolling on, loud thunders o'er their tops,
And overwhelming waters close around.

The spirit of the storm is riding by
With fell malignancy ! wo to mariners !
Who, in their little bark beneath the breath
Of that dark fiend, are sometimes high in air,
Breathing the sick'ning vapour of the clouds ;
Then, like the lightning's flash, they quickly fall,
From the great waves high watery pinnacle,
Into the deep recesses of the sea.
Mariners, your lives are pass'd in hardship !
Far on the ocean's breast, where horrors rise
In forms innumerable, ye 're compell'd
To pass your cheerless lives, exposed to all
The bitter blasts that sweep across the main ;
And after all your toils for thankless man,
Ye often sink beneath the smoth'ring waves
And leave your bones as relics to the deep.

LET'S AWAY WHERE THE WILLOWS ARE WAVING.

Let's away where the willows are waving,
Let's away, let's away, pretty maid!
Where bright sparkling waters are laving,
And rippling beneath the green shade.
The lily is there
With sweet bosom fair;
The jessamine flow'r
Adorns the green bow'r;
The gay throstle's song
Pours sweetly along,
And butterflies sport the wild flow'rets among,
And butterflies sport the wild flow'rets among.

Let us over the mountain be roaming
And inhale the pure breeze of the hills,
And list to wild waterfalls foaming,
And loiter by clear prattling rills,

Where grouse are beneath
The bright glowing heath;
The wild heather rose
Its blossoms disclose;
The green plover fly
With their plaintive cry,
And the eagles are screaming and soaring high,
And the eagles are screaming and soaring high.

Let us mark the bright morning lustre
Which glows in the far eastern sky,
And mark the light downy clouds cluster
And blend with the rich rosy die.
See Phœbus unfold
His bosom of gold,
And the dewy tear
On the flow'rs appear
Like crystalline bright
'Neath the morning light,
Whilst skylarks are singing with joy and delight,
Whilst skylarks are singing with joy and delight.

THE BRIGHT SUN IS SETTING.

THE bright sun is setting
  Behind yon gray tow'rs,
His rich beam is tinging
  The green shady bow'rs.

The river is sparkling
  And glitt'ring with gold;
The shepherd is leading
  His sheep to the fold.

The angler is catching
  The light silver dace,
And o'er the still waters
  The swift swallows race.

The white moths are flutt'ring
  'Mongst tall rushes green;
The willows are kissing
  The clear crystal stream.

The beetles are droning
And taking their flight,
And Venus is setting
So lovely and bright.

The dark bat is flitting
Around the huge trees,
And wild sounds are floating
Upon the soft breeze.

And I to a sweet girl
Am talking of love,
By a babbling brook
In the clust'ring grove.

HASTE! HASTE! AND EASE THIS FLUTT'RING HEART.

(FROM THE AUTHOR'S TRAGEDY OF THE ASTROLOGER.)

HASTE! haste! and ease this flutt'ring heart!
Come to my fond embrace!
With thee, dear maid, I ne'er will part!
Thou'rt deck'd with ev'ry grace!

The moon is riding in the sky ;
The breezes thro' the myrtles sigh ;
The stars are shining bright ;
O ! 'tis a heav'nly night !
The lily flower
Can't vie with thee !
Geranium bow'r !
Nor citron tree !

The sparkling dew on op'ning rose
Can't equal thy bright eyes !
Sweet maiden, on my breast repose
And listen to my sighs !
O ! haste to me, my only love !
I'll ever, ever constant prove !
For thy sweet self I sigh !
For thee I'd freely die !
The lily flower
Can't vie with thee !
Geranium bow'r !
Nor citron tree !

AGNES.

A DIRGE.

THE tempest was over, and all was still;
The music crept forth from the bubbling rill;
The sweet roses hung o'er the pebbly bed,
And on the light zephyr their fragrance shed;
The wild water rail was skimming the lake;
The shy mallard call'd in the tangled brake;
The swallows were gliding over the dale;
The green plover utter'd its plaintive wail;
When a poor helpless maiden, low sinking with wo,
On the turf low reclin'd 'neath the hawthorn trees' glow.

With imploring look she raised her blue eye;
She started with fear at the dark raven's cry,
And then with a look of anguish would seem
To cast her wild glance on the meadows so green;
Her dishevell'd hair that wav'd in the blast
In negligence over her shoulders was cast;
Her lily hands press'd her sweet bosom so fair
Which seem'd to be burthen'd with sorrow and care,
And as the wild wind whistled carelessly by
She answer'd its moans with a heart-bursting sigh.

'Twas poor weeping Agnes her lover had left
To sigh and to moan of all pleasure bereft,
And the trickling tears which fell from her eye
Seem'd speaking of joys that had fast glided by,
For Kennard prov'd false, and her reason has fled;
The tints of the landscape to her now are dead;
Her lovely blue eyes, which once beam'd with delight,
Are turn'd on the face of mankind with affright;
The visions she form'd in her innocent mind
Are blighted for ever, and flown with the wind!

One night when the god of the storm was at hand,
And blustering Boreas swept over the land,
When streams from the mountains, with deafening roar,
Flew furiously down to the bleak rugged shore,
When the wild boding night owl discordantly scream'd,
And thro' the drear darkness the blue lightning gleam'd,
When thunder responded within the dark caves,
And o'er the huge rocks dash'd the bellowing waves,
To a peasant returning and trembling with fears
A heart-rending sight in the water appears.

Upon the dark lake hapless Agnes was seen,
All ghastly and pale, 'neath the willow trees green;

She's flown to that sphere where her spirit will rest;
Deception's vile form will no longer molest;
There all will be pleasant and lovely to see,
And every creature from care will be free:
The poor sinking trav'ller on life's billows toss'd
Will there be rewarded for all he has lost;
Sweet Agnes is now in pure regions of bliss
And left her false lover to sorrow in this.

SWEET ANNA.

Sweet Anna! thou art like a ray
Shot from the sky when clouds are louring,
Which sweetly on the waters play,
When billows roll, and wind is roaring!

Thou 'rt like a rose-bud wet with dew
Which in the bower is sweetly glowing!
Like ev'ning sky's pellucid blue!
Like zephyr on the streamlet blowing!

Like goddess of the crimson morn !
  Like twilight star so sweetly shining !
Like poppy 'neath the waving corn !
  Like woodbine round the hawthorn twining !

Like little daisy pure and white,
  Just peeping from the purple heather !
Like dewy drops so clear and bright,
  Which o'er the blushing flow'rets feather !

Like shining water lily flow'r,
  Which dances on the wavelet wimpling,
On whose fair head the glist'ning show'r
  The tender leaves are lightly dimpling !

An angel come from heaven's high sphere
  To fill this earth with joy and pleasure !
All sorrow flies when you appear !
  O ! lovely maid, thou art a treasure !

PEEP, LOVELY MOON.

PEEP, lovely moon, thro' the aspen grove !
Thy silvery streamers pour—
O ! thou see'st me with my only love
Within this silent bower.
And O ! she is sweet ! she is sweet ! she is sweet !
She's sweeter than nightingale's song !
I love her to meet ! to meet ! to meet !
The jessamine groves among.

She's like the rose that opes to the dew !
Like the pink in crimson hood !
Like the mountain flow'rs with leaves of blue !
Like a little snow-drop bud !
And O ! she is sweet ! she is sweet ! she is sweet !
She's sweeter than nightingale's song !
I love her to meet ! to meet ! to meet !
The jessamine groves among.

Like the flutt'ring, shining silver fly,
That glides in the moon's pale light,
And on the zephyr comes riding by
With gossamer wings so white!
And O! she is sweet! she is sweet! she is sweet!
She's sweeter than nightingale's song!
I love her to meet! to meet! to meet!
The jessamine groves among.

O! THAT I WERE A ZEPHYR LIGHT.

O! THAT I were a zephyr light,
Playing within the bow'rs!
Kissing the blushing roses bright,
Fanning the honied flow'rs;
Dimpling the surface of the lake,
And sighing o'er the rill;
Waving the willows in the brake,
And singing down the hill!
All beautiful things
I'd fan with my wings;
My sweet rural strain
Should float o'er the grain;
In flowery dell
With modest blue bell,
With wild forest bee,
My dwelling should be.
The aspens should sing;
The woodlands should ring;
The heather should sigh
As I pass'd it by.

O ! that I were a zephyr light, &c.
And gossamer sail
Upon my soft gale.
The lark's cheering note
On my bosom should float;
I'd fondly entwine
Around the sweet thyme;
The eglantine tree
Should be welcom'd by me,
Its sweets I would bear,
Upon my light air,
To rural retreat
Where kind lovers meet.
O ! that I were a zephyr light,
Playing within the bow'rs !
Kissing the blushing roses bright,
Fanning the honied flow'rs;
Dimpling the surface of the lake,
And sighing o'er the rill;
Waving the willows in the brake,
And singing down the hill !

FAREWELL.

Farewell ! farewell ! old Mersey's stream !
On your salt breast I oft have been—
Farewell your rapid bursting tide !
Farewell, ye gulls which o'er it ride !
Farewell, farewell, old Cambrian hills !
Resounding falls, and tiny rills—
Fast from my eyes the warm tears start !
And wildly beats my swelling heart !
For I must from your beauteous scenes depart !

Ye dingle rocks, with oaks grown o'er,
Farewell ! I ne'er shall see you more !
Farewell, ye banks of blushing flow'rs !
Bright spacious lawns and clust'ring bow'rs—
Farewell, sweet larks that blithely sing
And mount to heav'n on flutt'ring wing !
Fast from my eyes the warm tears start !
And wildly beats my swelling heart !
For I must from your beauteous scenes depart !

Farewell, old aged, moss-grown trees !
Ye orchards bright and humming bees—
Farewell, farewell, sweet daisies fair !
Ye blooming thorns that scent the air ;
Ye swallows skimming thro' the sky ;
Ye woodbines rich that charm the eye.
Fast from my eyes the warm tears start !
And wildly beats my swelling heart !
For I must from your beauteous scenes depart !

Farewell, dear scenes of childhood's hour,
Where oft I've cull'd the springing flow'r
When all was brilliant, bright, and gay,
And bitter grief was far away !
Farewell, ye scenes so deep impress'd
On my poor, aching troubl'd breast !
Fast from my eyes the warm tears start !
And wildly beats my swelling heart !
For I must from your beauteous scenes depart !

SOLITUDE.

How sweet, when weary of the bustl'ing earth
To leave the multitude, and creep away
To scenes where meek-eyed solitude has birth,
And dwell 'midst nature's beauteous array,
And ponder o'er the ways of frail mankind
Lash'd by the billows of life's boist'rous sea,
Whose fond hopes vanish like the fleeting wind,
And leave behind sad care and hopeless misery !

To dwell alone in some deep hollow cave,
In lonely dell beneath the waving trees,
Whose tangl'd foot the sparkling waters lave,
And sweetly sing their soothing lullabies ;
To mark the wild flow'rs springing 'neath my feet
And peeping out from 'mongst the tender moss,
And catch the zephyr from the mountain sweet—
Away ! away, vain world ! I ne'er shall feel thy loss !

To stretch my limbs beneath the fragrant bow'r,
And lay my head upon the purple heath,
And mark the boiling water swiftly pour
And thunder down into the gulf beneath,
And hear the sweet birds chant their mellow song
And fill the woods with harmony sublime—
O! who would court the giddy, careless throng,
When he in wilds like these might lure the passing time?

To cull the tender herbs that spring around,
And catch the water from the limpid stream—
In scenes like these pure happiness is found—
Sweet peace is reigning with her gentle beam—
Casting around her mild benignant smiles,
Cheering the heart with thoughts of future joy—
O! lovely solitude my heart beguiles!
Soothes my sad soul! and stays the anguish'd sigh!

WINTER.

Now wintry blasts are sweeping thro' the air,
And show'rs of snow are drifting o'er the plain;
All verdure's fled, the face of nature's bare;
The streams are hush'd, no longer they complain;
The naked trees are feather'd o'er with frost,
And sadly moan with melancholy voice;
The feeble sun's thro' hanging vapours lost;
Sweet birds are mute, no longer they rejoice,
And feebly flutter by with wings crisp'd o'er with ice.

Wild fowls are pining for the want of food,
And soar around and utter frightful cries;
The robin chirps in plaintive, dol'rous mood,
And heavy clouds are floating thro' the skies;
Masses of ice are rolling thro' the sea,
O'er which the waves in wildest fury fly,
And wretched man accurs'd with penury
Is doom'd to hear his hung'ry children cry,
And pine for daily bread, and no kind succour nigh.

THE CLOUDS OF THE TEMPEST HAVE VANISH'D AWAY.

The clouds of the tempest have vanish'd away;
The wild winds are hush'd and the sea's ceased its roaring,
Upon its smooth bosom resplendant beams play,
And sea-birds rejoicing on breezes are soaring.
Old Neptune's retired to his moss circled cave,
In slumber he rests 'mongst the bright coral glowing,
Whilst high on the surface glides by the light wave,
And breaks on the rocks where the sea flow'rs are growing.
The gentle gale is blowing;
The tides are sweetly flowing;
No cloud is there
Thro'out the air,
Come, maiden! let's be rowing!
And swiftly glide, and swiftly glide,
To yon delightful woodland side,
Far o'er the stream,
Far o'er the stream,
Which glows in the sun with its mantle of green,
Which glows in the sun with its mantle of green.

The water nymphs are sporting o'er
With sparkling robes of silver spray,
Yon spacious shell-encompass'd shore,
Come ! let us thither take our way—
And list to the song
Borne sweetly along
By southern breezes across the pale sea ;
Responding in caves,
Gliding over the waves,
Enraptur'd ! enraptur'd ! enraptur'd we'll be !
The gentle gale is blowing ;
The tides are sweetly flowing ;
No cloud is there
Thro'out the air,
Come, maiden ! let's be rowing !

PLAY THY MUSIC, LOVELY ASPEN.

Play thy music, lovely aspen,
Rustle in the ev'ning breeze,
Pleasure to my heart thou bringest,
To my soul thou givest ease,

For beneath thy shadow often
I have met the maid I love,
Her whose spirit 's now in heaven,
Joying in the realms above.

O ! she was the sweetest maiden
Ever deck'd this world below !
Never, never since creation
Did so sweet a flow'ret blow !
Sweet she was as virgin roses
Waving in the zephyr mild !
Pure as dew bespangled lilies
Peering in the woodland wild !

She was pure as breezes singing
O'er the meadow's fertile breast !
Brighter than the stars of heaven
Resting on night's sable crest !
O ! my heart is nearly bursting !
All my soul's absorb'd in grief !
Hourly for grim death I'm thirsting—
Soother, come to my relief !

SPRING.

Now beauteous spring bursts forth to view,
And decks the earth with flow'rs,
And the songsters sing on dewy wing,
Rejoicing in the bow'rs.

The shepherd's pipe now sweetly flows
And creeps from distant hill,
And the playful lamb skips round its dam
Beside the prattling rill.

The blackbird 'neath the dingle shade
Pours forth his lovely song,
And the cooing dove is with its love
The gloomy pines among.

The hawthorn's milky buds appear ;
The sloes in robe of white,
And glisten away as zephyrs play,
And fan their blossoms bright.

All nature teems with love and joy !
Glad hearts expand with mirth,
Joyous and gay in the glowing ray
That mantles round the earth.

At dawn of May how everything rejoices !
How blithesome all ! how fraught with mirth and play !
How sweetly sound the rich harmonious voices
Of gladsome warblers from the dewy spray !
How sweet 's the gurgle of the bright stream, falling
O'er the dark rocks o'erhung with verdure green !
How sweet the note of plaintive cushat calling
Within the deep woods rich embow'ring screen !
How beauteous all ! how lovely and serene !

How sweet the strains of joyous skylark singing
With rapturous glee far in the downy sky !
With notes melodious the wide concave's ringing,
And all the air is fraught with melody—
How sweet the daisy 'mongst the turf is shining
With globes of dew upon its blushing head !
How sweet the woodbine round the elder's twining,
And hanging o'er the scented violet bed !
All's lovely now ! tumultuous winter's fled !

Sweet first of May ! O ! bright enchanting morning !
O ! laughing month ! the sweetest of the year !
What visions gay within the mind are forming
When thro' the mist thy beaming eyes appear !
O ! emblem of the great, all-bounteous pow'r
That sit'st enthron'd within the glitt'ring sky !
Thy cheering smile illumes dark sorrow's hour,
And checks the bitter, heart-consuming sigh—
E'en misery smiles ! and care is fraught with joy !

TO A NAIAD.

Sweet nymph of the wave,
So airy and light !
O, where is thy cave,
Thou creature of light ?
Say ! where 'neath the billow
Hast thou thy bright pillow ?
Is it 'neath the rich coral tree's head,
With its clustering branches so red,
Low, low in the wide ocean's bed ?

O! whither, sweet maid, is thy tower?
Is it deep 'neath the clear crystalline,
Where dark sombre sea tendrils twine,
And gems with effulgent rays shine?
Sweet maiden, say where is thy bower?
O, oft thou art seen
In the twilight gray,
On the wavelet green,
Sailing blithely away,
When dolphins are bounding,
When music is sounding,
And zephyrs are fanning the silent sea;
When eve star is beaming,
When moon rays are gleaming,
And nature is teeming with harmony.
Sweet nymph of the wave,
So airy and light!
O, where is thy cave,
Thou creature of light?

DESCEND, LOVELY TWILIGHT.

DESCEND, lovely twilight,
  Obscure the high mountain!
Blow softly ye breezes!
  Sing gaily, pure fountain!
Blithe nightingales wild,
  Let your music be flowing
In warm spicy bowers
  Where the bright worms are glowing!

Sing sweetly, ye trees,
  In the soft zephyr creeping!
Expand your green bosoms;
  Awake from your sleeping;
Glide on sparkling rills
  Amongst the stones plashing,
And join the dark floods
  O'er the frowning rocks dashing!

Drone on, dusky beetle
In balmy air flying !
Flutter round milky moths
The daylight is dying !
Call on timid rail
From thy wild purple dwelling !
Rush on spumous falls
Let your music be swelling !

Peep forth twinkling stars,
Thro' the grey mist be stealing !
Shoot forth modest rays,
Thro' the sky's hazy ceiling ;
Disperse sable clouds
No longer encumber—
Fly, fly far away
And behind the hills slumber !

Lave gently the shore
Ye waves of the ocean !
Disturb not this hour
With boist'rous commotion !

Rise, rise water nymphs !
'Mongst the green waves be dancing,
Whilst round your bright forms
The pale moon beams are glancing.

Disturb not this hour,
For to me 'tis the dearest !
For I'm with the maiden
That I love sincerest !
And whisp'ring of love
'Neath the rich glowing blossom,
And sighing with bliss
On her sweet gentle bosom.

THE FISHER BOY.

The fisher boy launch'd his light skiff on the sea,
When the light southern breezes were blowing;
When the wild birds were piping so merrily,
And the wavelets were playfully flowing;
The sun in his glory was riding on high,
And his beam on the water was glist'ning;
Harmony thrill'd thro' the pure glowing sky,
And the naiads were silently list'ning.

His young heart was joyous and danc'd with delight,
Far away was the dark phantom sorrow;
He thought of the maiden so lovely and bright
That was to be his on the morrow.
But Neptune arose in the midst of his dream,
And awoke the fierce storm which had slumber'd;
Now low in the deep where the crystal rocks gleam,
In the caves of the dead he is number'd.

O, MAIDEN, LOOK UP AT YON LOVELY BLUE SKY.

O, MAIDEN, look up at yon lovely blue sky,
Where Phœbus in glory is shining;
O, cast thy sweet glance on the emerald die
That mantles the shrubs, fondly twining;
Look out on the ocean bespangled and bright,
And the sea-bird in ether ascending,
On the hovering clouds with bosoms of white,
And the bittern its lonely way wending.

O, mark the light skiffs as onward they glide
Thro' the green billows joyfully dashing,
And list the sweet murmurs that spring from the tide,
As the dark kali rocks it is washing.
These beauties are naught in compare nymph with thee,
Thou loveliest flower of creation!
From thy chains, dearest maiden, I ne'er shall be free,
My heart beats with love's sweet sensation!

RURAL MUSIC.

How sweet to leave the busy haunts of men,
Their loud dissensions, and their boist'rous mirth,
And seek the lonely, unfrequented glen,
Where sweet serenity and peace have birth!
Where stillness reigns and loveliness is found,
Beauteous and pure from the Almighty hand;
Where soothing harmony prevails around,
And gently creeps upon the zephyr bland—
How sweet to wander there and mark the prospect grand!

How far superior is the rural strain,
To those cold, cheerless notes produced by art!
More soothing far the whispers of the grain;
The wild bird's warble does more joy impart;
The rustling aspen singing in the breeze;
The moaning fir with deep and shadowy head;
The distant murmurs wafted from the seas,
When wavelets break and chafe their rocky bed—
Compared with nature's strains, all other music's dead!

TO THE MORNING STAR.

I LOVE to gaze,
Sweet morning star,
Thro' twilight haze,
O'er cloudlets far,
At thy sweet glimm'ring ray!
When from his seat
The skylark flies
The sun to meet
In distant skies,
Far o'er the hills away!

To mark thee rest,
Beyond the sea,
Thy silver breast
Of purity,
And leave the gloomy earth!
Thy cheering beams
Assuage dull wo,
And speak of scenes
Where pleasures flow,
And happiness has birth!

LINES ON MOORE.

GREEN Erin's bard, thy witching lays
I love to ponder o'er!
An angel's pen should sing thy praise
Thou rarest gem, Tom Moore!
All nature rejoiced when thou wert born!
The warblers chanted with glee!
And gurgles of gladness on breezes were borne
From the wide enraptured sea!
O, happy day!
O, happy day!
The day that dawn'd on thee!
Thy harmony,
Thy harmony,
Fills hearts with ecstacy!
O, Erin, spread wide your green flow'ry wing!
Rear proudly your crests, Wicklow hills!
A bard hath arisen your virtues to sing
And tell the huge world of thy ills.

Hibernians, raise
Your voices in praise;
Let caverns resound,
Responding the sound,
Long life to your bard, Thomas Moore!
Let gratitude's tear
For your minstrel appear;
To him who came
To sing thy name,
And tell your bright actions of yore.
O, happy day!
O, happy day!
The day that dawn'd on thee!
Thy harmony,
Thy harmony,
Fills hearts with ecstacy!
And when this life draws to its close
Bright seraphs will wait on thee,
And waft thee sweetly to calm repose
In the bow'rs of purity—
Thou minstrel wild of love and melody!

OLD MERSEY'S STREAM, I SING TO THEE.

Old Mersey's stream, I sing to thee;
I love thy sweeping tide;
Thy spacious bosom fair to see
O'er which the seagulls ride;
Thy rocky shore and mossy caves;
Thy banks of yellow sand;
Thy gurgling song; thy sporting waves;
And Cambria's distant land.
All hail to thee, my native stream!
Thou beauteous river bright!
Thy swelling waves of purest green
Give rapture to my sight.

There 's some delight in placid lakes,
In falls and winding rills—
To such no joy thy voice awakes,
No ecstacy instills—

But O, to those who spent the hour
Of childhood on thy shore,
What rapture to their bosoms pour
At thy tumultuous roar!
All hail to thee, my native stream!
Thou beauteous river bright!
Thy swelling waves of purest green
Give rapture to my sight.

I've travers'd the Italian's clime
Where sunny waters flow,
Around whose banks the vine trees twine,
And myrtles odours throw.
I've been 'neath India's scorching sun,
I've view'd the rivers vast
Which thro' the clust'ring palm trees run,
Borne by the burning blast—
And more I love thee, native stream!
Thou beauteous river bright!
Thy swelling waves of purest green
Give rapture to my sight.

Old Mersey's stream, I sing to thee;
I love thy sweeping tide;
Thy spacious bosom fair to see
O'er which the seagulls ride;

Thy rocky shore and mossy caves;
Thy banks of yellow sand;
Thy gurgling song; thy sporting waves;
And Cambria's distant land.

All hail to thee, my native stream!
Thou beauteous river bright!
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Give rapture to my sight.

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